

Atlantic Insight

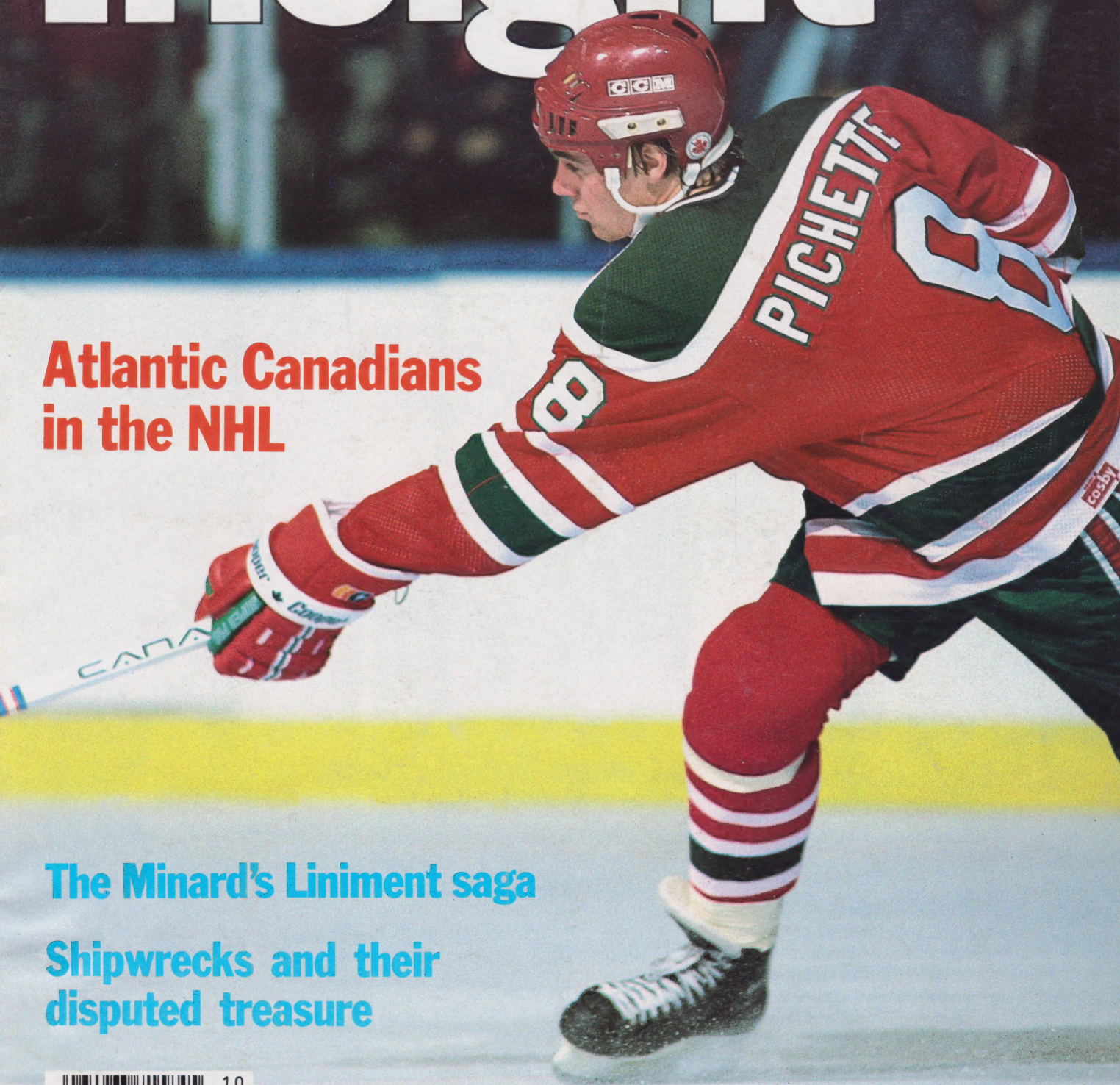
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OCTOBER 1985

Vol. 7 No. 10



COVER STORY

Gordie Drillon of Moncton won the NHL scoring title nearly 50 years ago and was elected to hockey's Hall of Fame. Now there are more East Coasters than ever before trying to equal Drillon's feats. Some of them just might make it.

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COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRUCE BENNETT



PROFILE

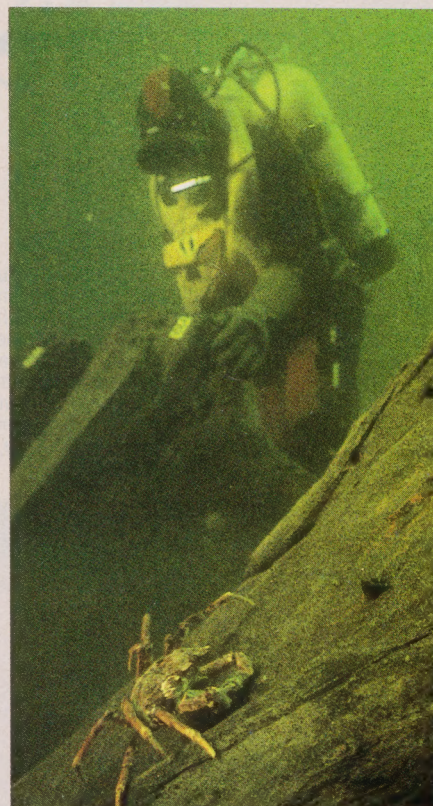
Daurene Lewis of Annapolis Royal, N.S. is a very unusual woman — and not just because she's Canada's first female black mayor. She's also a nurse, a weaver and a businesswoman. Besides that, she's competent as all get out.

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HERBS

The sparse soil of the hills overlooking Cape Breton's Barra Strait is alive with the color and fragrance of historic herbs. They arrived with the early Scottish settlers, spread to fields and roadsides as common weeds, and flourish again in a Highland Village garden.

PAGE 29



SPECIAL REPORT

There's a lot of buried treasure in the wrecks lying off the Atlantic coast — and it's not all gold and silver. Artifacts too are part of our heritage but there's a danger they'll slip away in the conflict between salvors and archaeologists.

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FLASHBACK

Minard's Liniment, "the king of pain," was once synonymous with Yarmouth, N.S. Then it went down the road to Ontario. Nearly 20 years later, Minard's is still selling but Yarmouth still remembers the sell-out.

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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Frank Sobey: man against myths

Reading Harry Bruce's recent biography of Frank Sobey is a powerful antidote for two prominent myths about Atlantic Canada. The first would have it that the region lacks entrepreneurs; their absence supposedly explains why we are poorer than the rest of the country.

This idea gained respectability in many government circles, particularly in Ottawa, when Dalhousie University economist Roy George produced a study which "proved" that this was the only satisfactory explanation for the region's economic status in Canada.

I wonder whether Roy George ever met Frank Sobey. Not just Frank, but the wider circle of businessmen around him as he built his Empire Company and other enterprises. Harry Bruce's book abounds with colorful Nova Scotian entrepreneurs. There are for example, Harry and Solomon Goodman, who started Canada's first department store in New Glasgow. There's R.B. Cameron, whose blacksmith father started Maritime Steel and who went from steel to printing and newspapers. Cameron's reputed hard drinking and pugnaciousness didn't put Sobey off. "Bob talks wild, but he decides right," the book quotes Sobey as saying. There's Bob Tibbetts, who started his New Glasgow paint company in 1947 and got Frank to be one of his original shareholders. There's Sobey's friend Roy Jodrey — subject of an earlier book by Harry Bruce. Charlie MacCulloch, another self-made millionaire and head of the group that built Halifax's Scotia Square and Dartmouth's Micmac Mall, makes a fascinating appearance. MacCulloch shook hands on a deal to have Sobeys as the Micmac Mall supermarket then stabbed Frank in the back — in Frank's view — by accepting a better deal from Dominion Stores.

The list goes on — and of course this is only one business family from one area of Nova Scotia. The names would be multiplied many times if all the important entrepreneurs of the Atlantic region were added.

The other myth which gets roughed up is the view of Atlantic Canada as underdeveloped but developing. When I went to school, we were taught that regions and countries went through stages of development — agriculture or fishing first, then commercial enterprises, then industrial enterprises, until finally you have a developed economy.

Bruce's book describes the New Glasgow-Stellarton-Trenton-Westville-Pictou area where Sobey grew up. In 1914,

there was a tannery in Lyons Brook manufacturing two million pounds of shoe leather annually. "Other manufacturers made bottles, jewelry, underwear, cigars, candy, bread, soap, mine and farm equipment, motorboats and marine engines, firebrick and drainpipe, doors and windows, cradles and coffins." In addition, "Thirteen passenger trains leave Stellarton every 24 hours. Steamers sailed from Pictou to Charlottetown, the Magdalen Islands, Quebec City and Montreal."

These were hardly quaint fishing villages. Trenton and Stellarton were major Canadian heavy industrial centres. Frank Sobey lived through a phenomenon that elementary textbooks don't often recognize: development going backwards. Why did these industries collapse despite an apparent wealth of entrepreneurs and, for their time, advanced businesses?

There are some clues in Sobey's experience, notably in the lengths to which he and his associates had to go to find financing for their businesses, sometimes peddling bonds in person — and in small quantities — in central Canada. In one telling incident, a frustrated Frank Sobey accuses the president of Sun Life in Montreal of choosing to sink his money in holes in the ground in Montreal rather than build stores in the Maritimes. The president more or less agreed.

The pursuit of financing for business is a theme which runs through the book. It's not that the banks and life insurance companies lack money; rather, they're not inclined to put it into new ventures, particularly in a region they consider less favorably placed than elsewhere.

As any East Coast entrepreneur will tell you, finding money is no easier now than it was for Frank Sobey in the 40s and 50s. People thought Frank was a bit crazy then, with his passion for shopping centres and supermarkets. It's obvious now that he was onto a good thing — and in fact has made money with supermarkets, even though Toronto-based Dominion Stores didn't.

When we're trying to understand why New Glasgow, Stellarton and Trenton today are not the booming centres they were 60 years ago, we should reflect on the implications of the never-ending and often unsuccessful hunt by entrepreneurs in the Frank Sobey mould for financing for the region's businesses and industrial enterprises.

Frank Sobey: The Man and the Empire is published by Macmillan of Canada.
— James Lorimer

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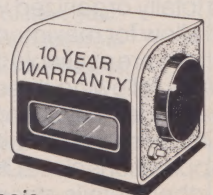
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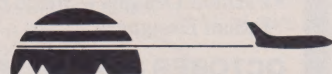
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FEEDBACK

Back in the fold

A couple of years ago we gave a subscription to a friend of ours in Oshawa and just this spring we found out that they had never received any *Insights*. What with the way the *Insight* business has been run lately, we got miffed and let ours run out. It is such a damn good magazine that we would be the losers if we didn't have the *Insight*. And besides you sent us that "We're with You" notice and a free magazine. I like the articles on the Atlantic Provinces, the vignettes on Atlantic people, Ray Guy and your new look advertising. We are back in the fold. Thank you.

Ruth and Henry Reed
Yarmouth, N.S.

Ram cats

We look forward to each issue of *Atlantic Insight* and particularly to Ray Guy's column. His recent description of Newfoundland apparitions and ghosts was quite spellbinding, particularly reference to the "ram-cats." I thought, perhaps, these "ram-cats" might be related to our "ram chargers." I checked my dictionary of Newfoundland English, and I find that a ram-cat is defined as a tomcat, and we all know what they are about. We thoroughly enjoyed Ray's description of Newfoundland superstitions and we find a number of similarities to our own here at home. We look forward to additional comments about "other creatures from beyond."

John C. Hall, M.D.
Atlanta, Georgia

Crosbie affair: Germans no innocents

I would like to take issue with "the *Crosbie empire falls*" in your July issue. This article has several glaring errors and provides a total misconception of what actually transpired. 1. Although Crosbie Offshore Services Ltd. owed \$5.6 million when it went bankrupt, approximately \$3 million of that debt is to me. 2. When COSL went bankrupt, the responsibility for the lease for the Maserati passed to me and not the Germans. Furthermore, COSL paid for the \$12,000 repair bill, not the Germans. 3. The RCMP did not raid COSL's offices. They had been instructed to investigate all aspects of the bankruptcy to ensure there was no criminal action involved (a common procedure in bankruptcies of this magnitude) and to do so they had to have the records which were in OSA Marine Offices. 4. Although I "decamped", as your reporter put it, in early March to take care of pressing family problems in England and Australia, I "recamped" to this province in early May, a fact that your reporter could have verified quite easily if he was not so intent on the inferences he could draw from any supposed absence. The foregoing errors are all minor when compared to the picture your reporter painted

of the Germans as gullible innocents being ripped off by the sharp business practices of COSL. Nothing could be further from the truth. Had your reporter more diligently investigated the court proceedings, he would have found that COSL alleged and still alleges that COSA (Crosbie-OSA) was a profitable joint venture, and that VTG (the German firm) has stripped over \$11 million in profits from COSA in a little over two and a half years... without paying a single brass pfennig to Revenue Canada. COSL lodged documentation verifying this with the court... I note with interest the remarks of the "soft spoken Captain Euler" about being careful after what has happened to them and I am reminded of the old saying "speak softly and carry a big stick." VTG's stick was big indeed, having at their disposal the financial resources of their multi-billion dollar parent, Preussag. COSL utilized the services of its usual solicitors while VTG engaged Edward Roberts, Q.C. of Halley, Roberts & Barry who had acted for COSL in past matters as well as the prestigious international firm of Stikeman Elliot. VTG's complaints in this instance remind me of the shark complaining after dinner that the minnow had given it indigestion.

Captain Richard A. Spellacy
St. John's

Good wishes from England

As a Newfoundlander who has spread her wings and travelled far over the years, I look forward to receiving my copy of *Atlantic Insight* and enjoy reading the various articles. I hope you have overcome your publishing difficulties and wish you all success in the future.

Miss Joan S. Pawley
Wembley, Middlesex, Eng.

Indian baskets

There was an error in your December 1984, issue (*Crafts and Indian Culture: new twist to an ancient tale*) that has misled people and caused damage to my business. The error was in the statement: "Ray Sark, who operates a crafts store in Charlottetown called Indian Arts and Crafts of North America..." People have called requesting my location in Charlottetown. A family in Winnipeg read the article and inquired, "Did you open in Charlottetown?" Several visitors to my only shop on Lennox Island also inquired. It proves one thing. There are people reading your *Atlantic Insight*. Also, I deny the statement made in the article by Kerry Quinn, market development officer for the Prince Edward Island Development Agency, about the supply of baskets for the crafts market. Given a reasonable amount of time I can have made, or locate, just about any basket requested by a customer. Mr. Quinn knew this but never, and has never, contacted me for baskets. He "just could not keep

up with the demand for them." So far I have supplied people in Michigan, Arizona, California, New Mexico, British Columbia and Alberta with baskets on special request.

Ray Sark
Lennox Island, P.E.I.

Theatre overlooked

I write to express my dismay and disappointment at your article on theatre in Atlantic Canada (*The perils of theatrical life — cover story, Aug. '85*). While I was delighted to see our Atlantic theatres receive this much deserved recognition, I was stung by your writer's failure to include Rising Tide Theatre. Her omission has caused my company embarrassment and discomfort at a crucial time. We are currently selling a subscription series for our season at the St. John's Arts and Culture Centre and are gearing up for our opening production on Sept. 19. To be excluded completely from your articles has upset myself, my board, and the agencies and audiences who fund and support Rising Tide Theatre. Your article has made us look insignificant in the eyes of a mainland journalist. This I find offensive. Apart from my professional reaction I am also personally upset since as a loyal believer in Atlantic Canada I have always been a faithful reader of *Atlantic Insight*. I guess the old saying "you can't always depend on your own," holds true here. Please find enclosed material on Rising Tide Theatre. I respectfully request that you consider correcting this inequity sometime in the near future.

Donna Butt
Artistic Director
Rising Tide Theatre
St. John's

Likes Surette

So Barry McCullagh of Belleville, Ont. doesn't like Ralph Surette (Feedback, Aug. '85). Says he is one of those "liberal left-wing bleeding hearts" and writes "subversive claptrap." We should stop "U.S.-bashing" and "leaving the Soviets out of the nuclear equation." I hold the completely opposite opinion. McCullagh writes claptrap, not Surette. We should not only question the policies of the current administration in Washington but refuse any part in them. The idea that the present occupant of the White House should determine the international relations of Canada — and the western world — is appalling.

Reg W. Balch
Fredericton, N.B.

Sheila's Brush

That's *Sheila's Brush*, not *Sheila's Bush*, (*The perils of theatrical life — cover story, Aug. '85*). The theatre company is named for a storm, "supposedly connected with the birthday of St. Patrick and that of his wife Sheila" (*Dictionary of Newfoundland English*).

June Warr
Springdale, Nfld.

Thanking Richard Wilbur

I'd like to thank Richard Wilbur for writing such an informative article on Iceland (*Our Neighbor, Iceland — August*), a country I've always wanted to visit. Reading his informative article was almost as good as being there in person. But why is it that whenever one sees pictures of Iceland, everything looks so new and modern? Since Iceland is a very old country, there must be many historical monuments and sights to photograph. Also, Wilbur says that Icelanders know a lot about us, economically speaking (Canadian government fish subsidies and the like), but do they know about us culturally (our roots, music and so on) as well?

Philip McLean
Halifax

A neat magazine

In lieu of renewing my subscription, I sent two gift subscriptions. How easy it would be to double your subscription list if each subscriber would renew and send a gift. I'm so happy that you weathered the storm and kept publishing. It's a "neat" magazine.

Mrs. Roy Hanlan
Westlock, Alberta

Teachers' salaries

I am writing in support of Larry Andrews who wrote Feedback, June '85, criticizing the easy life of teachers. When I first went into education the teacher was there for the student. You made it through

storms, you stayed until the last day of June, you carried arm loads of books home to mark and you had no idea of what a spare period was. You did your job and your morals were A-plus or you were out. Then the union became more and more powerful. The teacher, not the child, became the priority. They bargained for more days away from the classroom and more salary. My teacher's pension will be more than my husband's salary. I have just completed certificate six by taking courses that have very little to do with teaching and will certainly not make me a better teacher. My salary will be over \$30,000 for being in the classroom around 177 days. Teaching has become "the best deal in town." If I did a good job the parents are the first to reward me. If I'm lazy or just a poor teacher I can pass it off as "those kids aren't very bright." I can understand Mr. Andrews being upset. You have teachers come in Monday saying, "Oh Monday morning, ugh!" By Tuesday afternoon they are looking for a snowstorm, and Friday it's "Thank God it's Friday." Naturally the students are aware of this. We must send our students into the world market with a good attitude towards work. They must pass this attitude on for the survival of our country. Our government is borrowing millions and much of this goes out to pay salaries of people who have held it hostage through powerful unions.

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How a U.S. crackdown is forcing the drug trade north

With the heat on in the United States, drug smugglers are casting greedy eyes on Nova Scotia — whose coast, says an RCMP officer, is "too good to be true" for traffickers

by Peter Barss

Nova Scotia was thrust into the murky world of international drug smuggling in 1974 when 1,700 pounds of hashish from the Middle East was seized off the coast of Lunenburg County. Since that bust, the RCMP has averaged one major seizure a year. In the most recent — and one of the largest — 13 tonnes of hash was confiscated in Lockeport on the *Lady Sharell*, an 82-foot steel-hulled fishing trawler.

Does this mean that drug smugglers are finally getting discouraged by the risks of trafficking through the indented and sparsely populated south shore that has become a major international importation route over the past decade? Not at all. Indeed, it's likely that Nova Scotia increasingly will be used as a major transshipment point for illicit drugs, as the United States steps up its own anti-smuggling efforts. And it's just as likely that the smugglers' already high batting average will improve unless Canada's enforcement agencies are beefed up to U.S. levels.

Sgt. Brent Crowhurst, head of the 38-man Nova Scotia drug unit, says that over the past ten years his track record has been good. "Intelligence reports indicate that we're getting one out of four major shipments headed for Nova Scotia."

But Crowhurst's predictions for the future aren't optimistic. "The U.S. is going flat out in drug enforcement along the eastern seaboard with what seems to us almost unlimited resources. As a result, international organizations are looking at Nova Scotia and they're finding the situation here almost too good to be true."

The crackdown on smuggling along the U.S. coast began in 1982 when the South Florida Anti-Narcotic Task Force was formed. Hundreds of special investigators, backed by unprecedented funding, were assigned to combat illicit drug importation and the violent crime that it spawned in Florida. Anticipating that smuggling operations would be forced further north, drug enforcement agencies from northern Florida to New England increased their manpower and investigative activities.

Crowhurst has already seen a "significant increase" in drug activity along Nova Scotia's coast which he attributes in large part to the U.S. crackdown. He expects

the trend to continue.

Seizures along the U.S. coast may be a rough measure of the magnitude of the problem Nova Scotia will face in the future. "On average, the coast guard alone makes two seizures of at least 15 tonnes each every week of the year; it's difficult to put a dollar figure on that, but over the course of a year, it's in the billions," says Mike Simpson, a U.S. Coast Guard intelligence officer who oversees the operation of 33 cutters that regularly patrol the eastern seaboard. "We may not be winning the war, but we're hurting them," he adds.

A spokesman for the Boston branch of the Federal Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) says that coordinated action between his agency, the coast guard, the FBI, and other law enforcement agencies has "immobilized" the smuggling operations of three out of six major organizations that have relied on the New England coast to land drugs. "As a result of our successes, these organizations are being forced away from New England," he says.

Two red lines on a world map in Crowhurst's Halifax office mark the major drug routes to Nova Scotia's South Shore which is the closest point to "source ports" outside of the U.S. Hashish from the Middle East is funneled through ports in Morocco. Most marijuana comes from Colombia. These two "soft" drugs constitute the vast bulk of the large seizures in the province.

Long before a ship carrying illicit drugs leaves Colombia or Morocco for Nova Scotia, Americans involved in the smuggling operation visit the province to recruit an "off-load" crew of four or five men, according to police. The Nova Scotians have the necessary familiarity with the coastline and they're able to rent trucks without arousing suspicion. They must also have a boat large enough to ferry large quantities of drugs inshore from the "mother ship" which will lay 50 to 100 miles offshore until its cargo is discharged.

These shipments are not destined for Maritime markets. The Nova Scotians are responsible for off-loading the drugs and trucking them to Toronto or Montreal. For their work — lasting no more than two or three days — they will collect as much as one million dollars. While some shipments are distributed to dealers in

central Canada, most are moved by land or air to the U.S.

Crowhurst is in daily contact with U.S. drug enforcement agencies and relies on their extensive intelligence network of agents and informers for specific knowledge of international drug movement. When he's notified that one of the vessels on a "hot list" of 500 ships thought to be involved in smuggling is headed toward Nova Scotia, he in turn notifies the armed forces, the Canadian Coast Guard, and the department of fisheries.

"We have no patrol vessels of our own" says Crowhurst. "These other agencies have no enforcement mandate. If they pick up a vessel out there that we're interested in, all they can do is monitor and report its movement."

But intelligence reports and official surveillance aren't the mainstays of Crowhurst's investigations. Undermanned and under-equipped, the eight RCMP drug squads posted around the province rely heavily on alert coastal residents. "Most of our files begin with concerned citizens, many of them fishermen, who contact us when they observe suspicious activity along the shore," says Crowhurst. Under the RCMP's Coastal Watch Program, citizens are actively encouraged to report any shoreline activity that deviates from normal patterns.

As successful as the province's drug enforcement may have been to date, the 38 full-time investigators supported by uniformed RCMP personnel and a friendly citizenry seem hopelessly inadequate to cope with a wholesale onslaught of organized drug smuggling along the thousands of miles of inlets, coves, and isolated beaches that constitute Nova Scotia's shoreline, on the south shore and beyond.

With markets — and prices — for illicit drugs on the increase, and with U.S. law enforcement agencies digging in their heels, international drug smugglers are becoming more determined and more aggressive. The brutal February killing of a DEA agent in Mexico was meant as a warning to other agents. Mike Simpson speaks ominously of tramp steamers that turn on U.S. Coast Guard cutters as if their intention is to ram them. His boarding parties are armed and wear bullet-proof vests "just in case." He talks of live hand grenades hidden in bales of marijuana, rigged to explode if the bale is opened by an unsuspecting agent. And he refers to intelligence reports that indicate some smugglers are training with anti-tank guns capable of sinking the 378-foot cutters used by the coast guard.

Crowhurst knows that "so far Nova Scotia has been lucky because no violence has occurred in connection with major drug busts. They figure they're caught and that they can't shoot their way out." But he fears it's just a matter of time before that situation changes. ☒

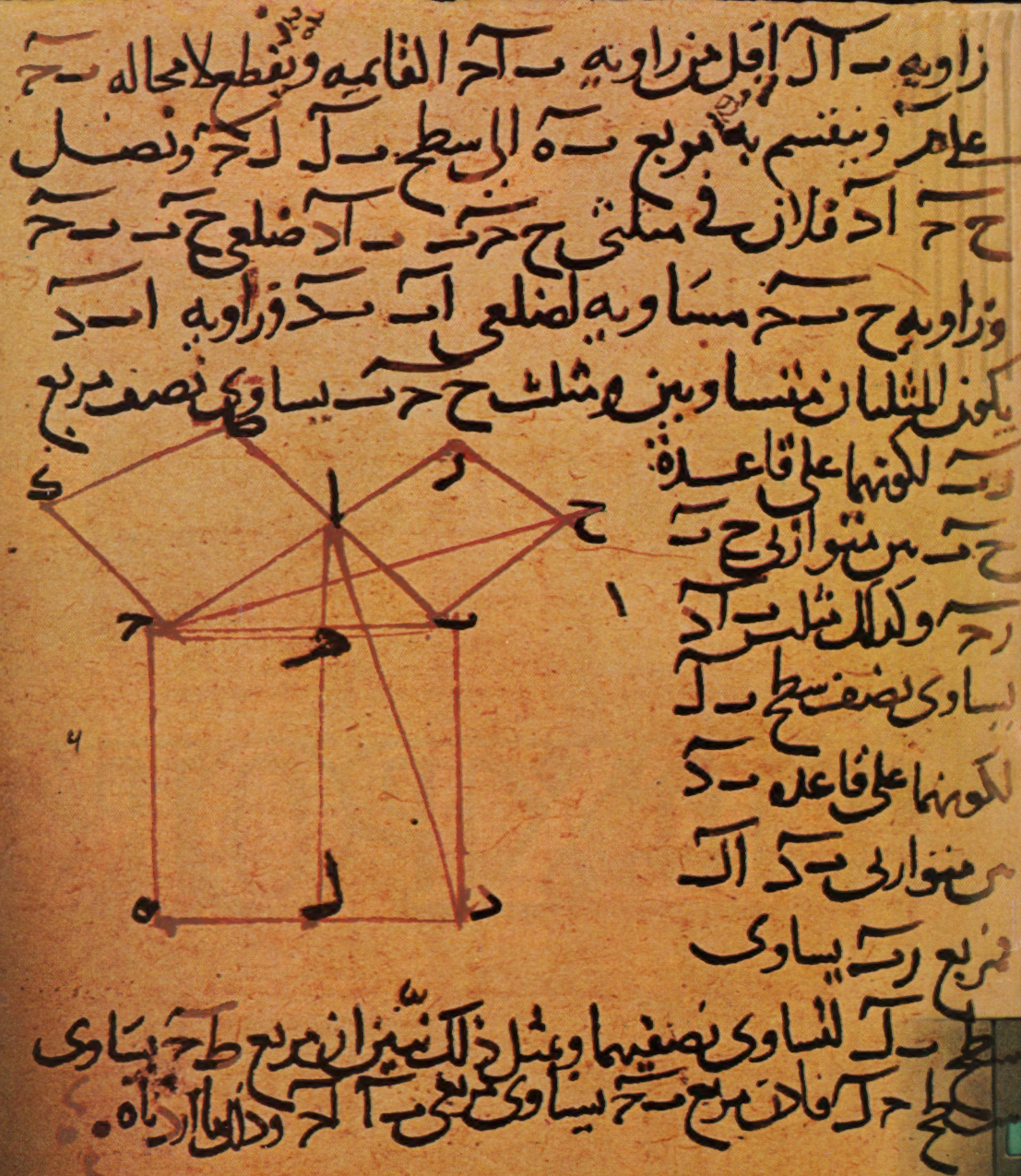


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An Arabic explanation of the Pythagorean theorem, 1258 A.D. (Courtesy of the British Library).

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PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

The disrespectful thieves who skulk in Island cemeteries

People who rob flowers and shrubs off graves are becoming a problem in the Charlottetown area

by Jim Cluett

Ollie Harper had come to People's Cemetery in Charlottetown to place flowers at his wife's graveside. He didn't expect to confront a thief. But as he approached the grave site, a well-dressed woman was walking off with flowers he had placed at the grave only the day before.

Last fall Betty Currie planted a small evergreen at her grandfather's grave. It was gone within a month.

These incidents aren't isolated. Charlottetown cemeteries are dotted with bare spots where ornamental shrubs and evergreen plants have been dug out and stolen.

"To me it's a form of desecration," says Betty Currie. "People fix up the graves of loved ones out of a feeling of deep loss and when those plants are removed, it hurts."

No one was hurt more than 81-year-old Ollie Harper. After 57 years of marriage he went devotedly every day to the graveside of his wife, Muriel, since she died early last summer. He couldn't believe his eyes when he caught a woman walking away from the grave with an armful of flowers.

"I stopped the car and jumped out," he recalls. "By that time she was just about ready to get into her car, flowers and all. I stopped her and she got very hostile. She said to me, 'You don't own those flowers.'"

"No, I guess I don't," replied Harper. "But they belong to my wife's grave, and you're going to put them back." The woman thrust the flowers at Harper, but he refused to take them. "No," he demanded. "You're going to put them back." But when the woman refused and started for her car, the old man caught her by the arm, and again told her to put the flowers back.

"She said she would have me arrested for assault," continued Harper. "I said 'I hope you do. That will expose you as well as me.' She just threw them down by the graveside, and I went over and put them back where they belonged."

Ollie Harper tried to make a mental note of the woman's license plate, but by the time he reported the incident to the RCMP, he'd forgotten the number. "It was a mean trick," he adds. "I suppose I should have followed her, but when you're old, you think of those

things too late."

Most people who report thefts from the graves of relatives don't ever catch the thieves. Duke MacPhail, a former caretaker at People's Cemetery for years, never caught a thief even though he was on the grounds every day. He became so discouraged with the increase of stolen flowers and shrubs that he regularly warned relatives not to invest too much in decorative plantings.

MacPhail's wife, Helen, who now manages the cemetery, has friends who were victimized recently. "You find empty beer bottles around in the morning, and you know they're in there at night," she says. "But it's hard to pin them down. I feel badly for the people. Whoever steals from graves has to be pretty low."

The local RCMP detachment makes a point of patrolling the cemetery at night, but usually they just find kids who have gathered for a small party. It's impossible for them to question every person they find and even harder to know who is planting a shrub and who is stealing one.

"Geraniums have been removed routinely for years," explains Keith Brehaut, the manager of Bunbury Nursery. "People plant geraniums by a grave in the spring and go back a week later and they're gone. It's an easy way of getting cheap plants. But you begin to wonder about people after you hear of these situations."

Betty Currie refused to be intimidated after her grandfather's grave was robbed. She went ahead and replanted some shrubs in spite of the increase in incidents. "It seems to me that if the public knew what was going on, or if the people realized the hurt they were causing, perhaps they would stop."

She may be right. Earlier in the year the thievery did receive some publicity in local newspapers and on television. After that the incidents seemed to subside for a while. Leroy Gauthier, the caretaker at the local Catholic cemetery, says whoever had been stealing plants in his cemetery stopped doing it after the attention.

"A cemetery should be a place where flowers and shrubs can grow," says Ollie Harper sadly. "It shows respect for those who are there. I'm afraid there's just an awful lot of people around who don't have any respect."

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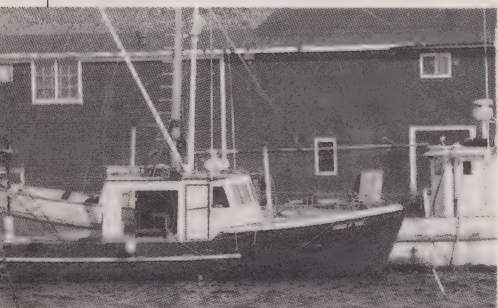
Cod doesn't show up; debt net closes on fishermen

Inshore fishermen borrowed to buy expensive gear when times were promising. Now the fish aren't there, but the banks are at the door

by Pat Roche

The Bank of Nova Scotia's letter to Harris Porter was clear enough. The interest arrears on his fishing vessel loan now totalled \$8,820. If he couldn't come up with that amount plus the principal of \$144,450 in a few days, he'd lose his boat.

For the 34-year-old fisherman from Port de Grave, west of St. John's, all avenues seemed closed. He'd been in touch with the bank, his lawyer, the provincial fisheries loan board and the fishermen's union. All to no avail. The bank had already seized two vessels from the area, and it seemed his was to be next.



BOB JOHNSTON

Port de Grave boats: prey to foreclosure

He took his problem to the local fishermen's committee, and a meeting of the town's fishermen was called. Alarmed at the prospect of still more fishing and plant jobs disappearing from the community, the 70 or so fishermen who showed up voted to do what they could to prevent the bank's agent from seizing the boat. Radio and television stations and newspapers were called. If necessary, committee members said, they'd block the wharf.

Meanwhile, a delegation was dispatched to St. John's to meet Newfoundland's newly appointed fisheries minister, Tom Rideout. Rideout eventually got a promise from the banks to put off foreclosing on fishermen who were behind in their vessel payments for a few months until some solution could be found.

That was last April. After a brief flash of publicity, Harris Porter's case quickly left the news. And in the hustle and bustle of the inshore fishing season the crisis seemed to disappear. But it didn't. Hundreds of independent boat owners are caught in a financial vice that was further tightened by the past summer's poor landings.

Their plight was documented by the Kirby task force in 1982, and it has worsened since. Crab stocks have drastically declined and prices have fallen. There's little or no squid or herring. Herring and mackerel markets are depressed. The salmon fishery has been sharply reduced by federal conservation measures. International protestors have effectively wiped out the seal fishery. The capelin fishery, the only bright spot in 1984, was plagued this year by a serious drop in landings and prices. Improved U.S. demand brightened the outlook for the all-important cod fishery, but then there was no fish. The cod normally migrate near shore in summer to where the inshore fishermen can catch them. But some years, for still-unknown reasons, they don't.

Although these factors have made things worse, many boat owners' current woes can be traced back to the late 1970s and the optimism that followed the 200-mile limit.

In the decade between former premier Joey Smallwood's grandiose industrial dreams and Brian Peckford's oil visions, the fishery was promoted as the new eldorado. Frank Moores' Conservative government encouraged fishermen to borrow heavily for new boats and equipment, but the question of repaying these government loans was not emphasized. Besides, newly unionized fishermen were getting higher prices for their catch each year, and scientists were predicting that stocks depleted by foreign overfishing would rebuild rapidly.

Many replaced their small open boats with fuel-hungry longliners equipped with the latest fishing technology. For the first time in Newfoundland's history young men were leaving secure salaried jobs to go fishing.

The Klondike atmosphere was short-lived, however, as everything that could go wrong did. Prices stagnated, fuel and equipment costs skyrocketed, and stocks did not rebuild as expected. A few years ago scientists predicted that the northern cod stock — by far the most important to Newfoundland — would grow steadily to yield 400,000 tons a year by 1987. Instead, it has been stuck at 266,000 tons for the past two years.

No fishery so spectacularly failed to live up to its expectations as did the crab fishery. Until recently, it was by far the

most lucrative fishery in the province, with individual crew members earning \$30,000 a year. "I thought at the time it was a gold mine. So did the bank. So did the (provincial fisheries) loan board," recalls Harris Porter, whose boat the bank was planning to repossess. When he borrowed to buy the boat three years ago, he expected to be able to pay more than the minimum annual sum of \$18,000 required by the bank. But then crab stocks declined, suddenly and precipitously.

The decline has led to personal bankruptcy for another Port de Grave fisherman, 36-year-old Reg Petten. Three years ago he imported a 58-foot steel longliner from the United States at a cost of \$514,000. A fisherman since the age of 15 who had fished crab for a dozen years, Petten was sure his investment was a sound one.

Initial returns seemed to prove him right: in the first year the vessel grossed \$300,000. In the second year, however, he could pay only the interest on his loan, and last year he paid nothing. But he says he would have been able to meet the payments this year fishing halibut and cod if the bank had not repossessed his boat last February.

Baxter Bishop of nearby Bareneed suffered a similar fate. Over two years ago he borrowed to buy a \$155,000 wooden longliner to fish capelin and groundfish. He fell behind in his payments from the start. Because of mechanical problems, he missed most of the lucrative 1983 capelin fishery, and last year he made the mistake of getting into the crab fishery. Last winter the bank foreclosed.

The provincial fisheries loan board has also repossessed about 50 longliners in the past year. These foreclosures received no publicity, however, because most were at the request of fishermen who either left the fishery or returned to smaller boats.

In response to a request from the fishermen's union, Fisheries Minister Rideout appointed a committee last spring to look at ways of making the inshore fishery more viable. Its recommendations are expected this fall. Possible solutions range from development of a "midwater" fishery 60 miles or more from shore, to the government acquiring boats from operators who can't afford to pay off their debt and leasing them back to the fishermen.

Although opinions vary on what the solutions should be, almost everyone agrees that major changes will be needed if many of the province's independent boat owners and the 500 or so communities that depend on them are to survive. If present trends continue, says union secretary-treasurer Earle McCurdy, "the ultimate outcome will be a significant change in the structure of rural Newfoundland ... Some of the major communities are dependent on these boats. If they fail there's nothing left." ❧



James A. Broughm in better days

The last one-man police force

In Port Elgin, James A. Broughm was the entire police force for the last ten years — the last such one-man force in the Maritimes. He was an all-round, all-hours force for good. For many, that wasn't enough. So now he's gone

by Veronica Leonard

It's truly the end of an era. When Police Chief James A. Broughm made his final patrol of paved road in the village of Port Elgin recently, the last one-man police force in the Maritimes ceased to exist.

The decision to return to RCMP policing was reached after months of controversy which threatened to split the small community down the middle. Even now resentment lingers, mingled with regret that a unique local institution has been abolished.

Since the early 70s village constables throughout the region have been gradually phased out. It's been over ten years since the other one-man forces in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia were disbanded and six since the last in Prince Edward Island. Only in Newfoundland are there still a number of small communities with one municipal policeman and he's limited to by-law enforcement. For the most part, the smaller communities of Atlantic Canada have agreed to the "umbrella coverage" offered by the RCMP and provincial police forces.

For the past 13 years Port Elgin had bucked the trend. In 1972, this small village of 507 people located on the shores of Baie Verte turned its back on the RCMP detachment located within its boundaries. It set up its own municipal force to combat a steady increase in ar-

son, vandalism and break-ins.

"Things were pretty rough back then, and the RCMP couldn't cope with it all, nor would they enforce the by-laws the village council passed to try to correct the situation. We had no choice but to set up our own municipal police," says David Jones, the local undertaker who served as mayor at the time.

Although it began as a two-man force, rising costs soon reduced it to one. For the past ten years the job was held by James A. Broughm. A large affable man in his mid-40s, Broughm grew up with a one-man force in his hometown of Lockport, N.S. where, he recalls, "the town policeman didn't even have a driver's license." He served on the municipal police force in Liverpool and Oxford, N.S. and worked in Halifax as a security officer and investigator before he came to Port Elgin.

While his job in Port Elgin meant being on call 24 hours a day, seven days a week, Broughm enjoyed its independence and negotiated rather than enforced the law, using calm and reason with minor offenders instead of pressing charges. "Taking people to court for minor offences just builds up animosity," he says.

Nor was it easy to press charges in the small, often interrelated community where people were quick to call in police assistance but reluctant to lay charges.

SIDNEY TRENHOLM

The village council wasn't anxious to have arrests for minor offences either. The cost to the village of incarceration in the nearby Sackville lock-up or drunk tank was often in the hundreds of dollars but it was the province that pocketed the resulting fines.

Although Broughm's methods caused some grumbling there was no doubt that he was successful. Port Elgin's crime rate had dropped markedly. Tire squealing, illegal possession of alcohol and untethered dogs made up the majority of complaints received each month.

Robert Hall, who served eight years on the village council and two terms as mayor, supported the concept of the one-man force. Since elected as the first NDP member to the provincial legislature, Hall's views are unchanged. While Hall was mayor Broughm became increasingly indispensable, taking over the duties of ambulance supervisor and communications backup for the volunteer fire department. He was also something of an unpaid recreation director for the community. Broughm singlehandedly ran the village's annual Santa Claus parade, often donning a Santa suit himself on Christmas Eve and ho-ho-hoing his way from door to door with bags full of candies for the children.

Like all village constables, Broughm knew his town. He had the trust and confidence of many of the street kids and when trouble occurred he usually knew who to ask and where to look. But the RCMP were always called in to assist with any major problems at an additional cost to the village, and townspeople questioned whether it might be better to have the mounties in charge.

Leading this feeling was Hall's successor as mayor, Keith Smith, principal of Port Elgin Junior High School. Smith made no secret of his desire to see the village revert to RCMP coverage. Calling the existing system "a cheap mockery of a police force," Smith said the umbrella coverage would guarantee the village the services of trained police officers at a saving of \$14,000 to the village budget. He said that the local three-man RCMP detachment would provide such services as professional crime investigation, identification, polygraph, tracking dogs, divers, helicopter service and special weapons and tactics (SWAT) teams while the N.B. Highway Patrol would deal with traffic-related offences.

The mayor's first attempt at a change-over met with stiff resistance. A petition was signed by half the community and opponents were quick to note that the RCMP detachment services a dozen additional communities and nearly 300 km of road and the highway patrol is located 55 km away in Memramcook. The RCMP's emergency-only response was seen to be a return to the very situation which brought about the creation of the one-man force in 1972.

Dorothy Trenholm, a young mother of five children whose husband does shift-work was one of the petition organizers. "I couldn't rest my head on the pillow at night knowing I had to call a dispatcher in Moncton or Memramcook if I needed help. When I call for the police, I want to know someone will come within five minutes," Trenholm told reporters.

The issue bitterly divided the small community. Police committee and council meetings were disrupted by angry confrontations. In the end the council was forced to back down and retain the one-man force.

Unfortunately, the strain of the six-month dispute was the breaking point for Broughm's marriage. For eight years his wife, Susan, had served as his unpaid dispatcher relaying calls while he was on patrol and calling in the RCMP for emergency backup. Without her, Broughm's efficiency declined sharply. He installed an answerphone recorder to take calls while he was on patrol but it was unsatisfactory for all concerned. His request to council for a car phone was ignored.

The situation last spring had deteriorated to the point where there was no objection when the mayor suggested the N.B. Police Commission conduct an investigation into the adequacy of the police protection in the village.

The report confirmed what Smith had been saying since his election: that the one-man force provided incomplete and inadequate protection. It cited Broughm's poor record keeping, warnings instead of fines, and tickets for alcohol and traffic offences that "warrant official action in other jurisdictions." Council unanimously passed the report's recommendation that the village obtain policing from the RCMP and the provincial highway patrol.

This time there was no public outcry. The deteriorating service of the past year had made many rethink their position. Others were intimidated by the official nature of the report and even the police chief's staunchest supporters did not have the stamina to enter into another pitched battle.

Broughm himself isn't convinced that the service provided by the RCMP will be an improvement. "Fines and suspended licenses look good in a policeman's log but it means more young fellows with idle hands and no money hanging around the village. That's where your trouble starts."

Whether or not the council made the right decision, the style of policing will change radically. Broughm intervened personally in the lives of many residents. The frightened babysitter reassured by his presence in the yard, the battered wife sheltered at the Broughms' house, the abused child removed from a dangerous home situation, the armed and suicidal young man talked out of his shotgun are among the many who will miss the friendly policeman. Like the lawman of old, James A. Broughm walks into the sunset — the last of his kind. ☐



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Style



Fashions down east: a new spirit

The fashion fight for the home market

They've made inroads in New York and Toronto but the small community of local fashion designers have a hard time convincing Maritimers of the quality of their products

by Elizabeth Stevens

Atlantic Canadians spent more than \$419 million on clothing in 1984. It's only a fraction of what Canadians paid out across the country, but enough to convince local designers that there's a silver thread in it for them.

In order to get a greater share of the fashion dollar, however, they feel their image and methods have to change. Locally-designed fashions are better known outside the Maritimes and Canada than they are here, says Judy Eames, chairman of the Fashion Association of Nova Scotia (FANS) which was created two years ago. "It's actually one of the reasons FANS was started. We saw that it was necessary to push the fashion side rather than the craft side — not the intricacies of a piece of woven fabric but rather what would be done with the fabric."

Some people don't buy local garments because they look too "handmade" or too "crafty," Eames says, "so we're going to concentrate on the New York and New England markets. There they don't care where it's made as long as it's well made." This would be following the successful route taken by Vicki Lynn Bardon, whose well-known Suttles and Seawinds fashions sell better in New York than they do in Toronto.

Eames heads a group within FANS which organizes fashion shows to generate business. FANS, in short, is still a modest affair. But it has spirit. "We may be small but we work extremely well together and we're determined to make it a success," says Halifax designer Robert Doyle.

A low output — simply not enough is produced — is one of the local industry's problems. The only designer who produces on a large scale is Bardon, of New Germany, N.S., and she uses cottage-craft production methods. Local designers cater to the high-priced end of the market and not mass production. If the production problem could be solved, a lot of designers could turn out lower-priced garments, but the "rag trade" is still dominated by big-time merchandisers, chain operators and design houses that take advantage of cheap labor in other parts of the world. On this scale local designers can't hope to compete, although good workmanship and unique styling are the areas in which they can.

Robert Doyle points out the very practical advantage of the association. "If you need some silk velvet, and one of the other members has a piece left over, it makes a lot more sense to go to the telephone and call someone here, rather than call Montreal. The transaction is cheaper, more efficient and we both benefit."

His House of Pryor Couture Ltd. employs three people full-time and two part-time and he's looking for more space. Doyle, who worked with Jacques Fath in Paris, found that on his return to Toronto no one was really interested in fashion. In 1963 he became the resident designer at Neptune Theatre when it opened in





Dress and Jacket, (left) has embroidered and appliqued butterflies on pure linen, by Judy Eames, Daydreams Fashions, Dartmouth

Her "Restaurant Dress" (above) is of wool crepe with a design of fans on the quilted silk satin yoke

Cover photo, a kilted Menzies tartan coatdress in viyella with matching shawl, by Robert Doyle, House of Pryor

Model, Terrilynn Browning
Makeup, Terry Ann Brideau



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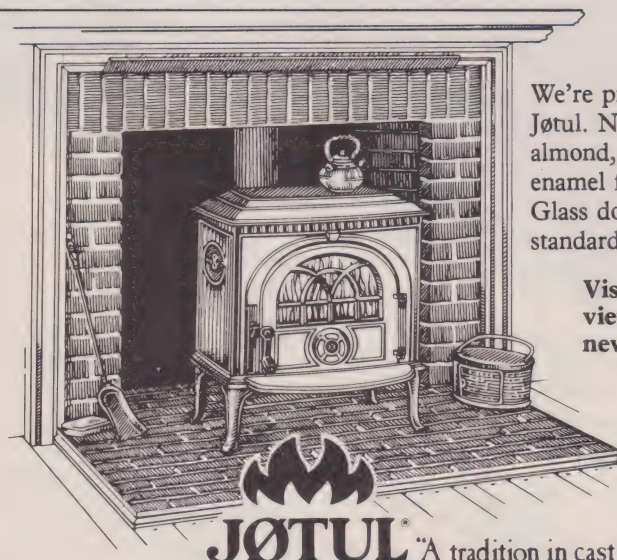
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Halifax. Since then he's been associated with most major theatre companies across Canada and is now the director of costume studies for Dalhousie University's theatre department. He makes a ready-to-wear line as well as one-of-a-kind pieces, but says that the latter is "not the way to go because most people can't afford the kind of labor that's involved — sometimes 200 hours on one gown."

The "down east" identity image is something that another group of designers called Clique has found successful. They tried to create and interpret current trends and styles into a "look" that's distinctly "Atlantic," using traditional skills and natural fabrics while turning out modern fashions.

But what is the down east identity? Some of the designers say that if you see a piece of clothing that's not mass produced, has classic lines in subdued colors and superb construction, then it's made here. Others say that if you see something that doesn't emulate Toronto, Milan, Rome or New York that it's local. Others claim they know what it isn't — an imitation of one of the trends such as punk or new wave. "Fashion has to do with dreams; it should not be analyzed too much," is a noted remark by American makeup artist Way Bandy. Atlantic Canada may be a good place to apply it.

Whether it can or can't be analyzed may not be important. What is important can be summed up in a remark overheard at a Clique fashion show about two years ago. "Only here in the Maritimes can you find handiwork like this; they take the time to do things properly." If local fashion designers can carry on this tradition, then more Maritimers may find the money they pay out on clothes is better spent at home. **C**

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A chef and his inventions

Jack Sorenson, former professional musician, now full-time restaurateur, seasons his recipes with zesty comments

by John Cunningham

The chef-owner of the Zwicker Inn can be as prickly as the sea urchins in the waters of Mahone Bay just across the street. The professional musician in him may be responsible for that, but as a restaurateur he charms his guests into returning for his innovative food creations.

Jack Sorenson, trained as a pianist, doesn't see himself as an "artist" — the word, applied to chefs, is overused, he feels. He views his culinary talents as those of an inventor and his restaurant as a place of invention. He has developed the sauces, stocks, breads, noodles, soups and ice cream and they come from the kitchen homemade. "Those were foolish decisions economically," he rather boldly admits, "but they're largely why people come here." Noodles at the Zwicker Inn are rolled instead of extruded. They're prepared frequently in one of the house specialties — Noodles with Mushrooms — served in smooth, rich, creamy portions.

Sorenson compares his experience operating the restaurant over the past six years with "living on a roller coaster. I've worked harder in those six years than most people do in a lifetime." Not all that work is in the kitchen. He's as easily found checking out shellfish at a south shore mussel farm as in the convivial dining room of his inn. "I prefer mussels to scallops although scallops are considered more of a delicacy," he says, and "I can guarantee the mussels are fresh."

Not so the scallops. Sorenson shows no hesitation in stating that "although the fishermen say the scallops were caught yesterday and shucked last night" they are often less than fresh and tangy. "Even though this is a fishing area, the product is generally bad," he maintains.

The enticing aroma of garlicky, lemon-steamed mussels wafts deliciously from the kitchen Sorenson supervises and in which he devises most of his recipes, testimony to the fact that, whatever the difficulties, top quality products are found and used.

Sorenson and his wife, Katherine, bought the inn in 1979. It was a derelict building that had served during much of the 19th century as a tavern and hotel. Year by year, they have been refurbishing the property on Mahone Bay's main street. The first year in business, Sorenson did all the cooking. These days, which number seven a week from 7 a.m. to midnight, he's in and out of the kitchen every five to ten minutes, bustling about "oiling hinges, fixing ice machines and training staff," to say nothing of visiting his favorite mussel farm.

Sorenson says he likes to run his inn simply and free of pretensions. A visit to a Dublin, Ireland, restaurant where the waiter insisted he order in French made him detest affectation. He doesn't like to see it in any restaurant, especially his own.

His first plans in the food service industry were to open up a natural food and snack shop. "I happen to be interested in nutrition," he said while breakfasting on raw carrots and a slice of rye bread toast. "If I had my way, I wouldn't have a grain of sugar in my restaurant, I do not season with salt."

He agrees that some concessions have to be made to popular demand. Still, he says, "We take more care than most places with respect to nutrition. My clientele is interested in food as good food value rather than merely satisfying appetites."

His work habits and opinionated manner are traceable, perhaps, to his origins in the hard-working silver, lead and zinc mining town of Wallace, Idaho. A community of 30,000 located in a narrow mountain valley, Wallace was "full of strong individuals who were working hard," he says. "I find excitement and reward in endeavor."

It's a long way to the Zwicker Inn from Wallace, Idaho, and from life as a musician. Sorenson trained as a pianist and taught piano and music history at the post-secondary level, including a stint at Dalhousie University. He's also a former CBC Halifax music producer. "It became boring," he says. "That's why we did this, which is not boring."



Sorenson (right) at the mussel lines

To keep things lively, Jack Sorenson sees that recipes like these appear on the menu of the Zwicker Inn.

Lemon-Steamed Mussels

This is the basic recipe for an excellent dish that is found in Marseilles. We use specific amounts of the ingredients; but that's boring. Try your own proportions.

Scrub and debeard about a pound and a half of mussels per person. Combine the following:

- unsalted butter, with flour worked in
- grated carrot
- sliced green onion
- garlic
- chopped parsley
- freshly ground pepper
- water

Bring water to a boil, add mussels and stir to coat them evenly with the sauce. Cover and steam for 3 to 6 minutes. Do not overcook. Serve with about ten lemon slices.

Cream and Mushroom Sauce for Noodles

Chop some mushrooms and quickly fry them in a bit more butter than you think you should. Then add enough of the following mixture (it must be shaken just before using) to get a consistency you like. Bring swiftly to a boil while stirring, and toss with just-cooked noodles.

- 1 cup whipping cream
- 2 tsp. medium dry sherry
- pinch of nutmeg
- 1 tsp. arrowroot flour
- 1/8 tsp. salt



by Larry Gaudet

Students of karate are required to harden their thumb muscles, so I enrolled at Dalhousie University instead, and there I learned superior methods of self-defence for life's unexpected challenges. Graduation depended on my willingness to obey a few professors who demanded that I mystify simple ideas in complex language. Principles governing the study of economics and sociology invariably include learning tedious jargons, and that pushed my interest in the liberal arts almost exclusively towards English Literature, where at least I found good books to read. Six years later, two of which I spent as a hostile dropout who killed time by earning a stockbroker's licence, I've finally got my degree. As a consequence, I'm in worse financial shape than Glace Bay.

It was a week after Merrill Lynch of Canada clipped me from their list of potential broker-trainees that I humbly notified the authorities at Dalhousie of my return. So for the second time I embraced a system whose rituals, in some respects, rival the twisted codes of corporate juggernauts.

Stated melodramatically, as my undistinguished undergraduate career concludes, I'm a defeated man, only grudgingly liberated from an adolescent bitterness towards the university environment of the 80s. Exposure to a few wise teachers and classmates taught me that my anger and its rhetoric — accusing Dalhousie of not preparing me for the job-market — were the rantings of

A weary defence of the Class of '85

a person unwilling to work hard enough to make the right connections. Laziness masquerading as integrity can't protect you from reality forever: I no longer invoke the names of Dalhousie administrators, the minister of education and South End landlords when I scrawl graffiti across the walls of tavern bathrooms.

But beyond that, a lament persists in certain bohemian ideologies that the universities produce hordes of right-wing bigots lacking any social conscience. Can I defend the Class of '85 against this charge? Or is that impossible, an indefensible position given that our worship of prestige, wealth and buzz words appears to be obsessive? Clearly, destroying the school computer, as protesters did at Sir George Williams some years ago, has gone out of vogue. But what's more naive: shouting Chairman Mao's proverbs at your parents back in '68, or snuggling up with Lee Iacocca's autobiography in '85? Perhaps we should ask China; it has done both.

Student bibles have changed with the times. A little red book has been replaced by a big black thing: *In Search of Excellence*; one of the authors tells us that he went through an IBM training program early in his career; "we sang songs every morning and got just as enthusiastic... as the workers in a Japanese company." How wonderful.

Some prophets of the late 60s anti-war movements are out to pasture in tenure-land, or starting up software firms in places like Yarmouth, but today's so-called visionaries would rather bypass activism altogether and abandon idealism quicker than their forebears. The argument: "Why spend five years of my life worrying about El Salvador, when I can stop now and it won't make any difference." As long as urban guerillas don't drive a truckload of explosives through, say, the front window of the McDonald's on Quinpool Road, then the prevailing spirit among those with the benefit of a university education will champion the merits of free enterprise and individual initiative. Condos aren't bought with food stamps.

It's no surprise that the loudest noise

on campus is the drone of young entrepreneurs. The corporate ladder doesn't interest them because of their quite legitimate fear that middle management can be a vacuum from which there's no return. On a darker note, their contempt for unions and other bastions of our mildly socialist leanings, is worn as a badge of honor. One such creature, just graduated, told me that after she had worked registering voters for Nova Scotia's last provincial election, she correctly guessed who the NDP supporters were. In her opinion they have long hair and dirty children and eat soya beans on a regular basis. When the election was called, NDP posters in semi-affluent neighborhoods led her to believe that burned-out hippies who renovate old houses are the evil forces behind attempts to ruin capitalism. Are her silly ideas an indication of how the Class of '85 thinks? No, not exactly.

One of my early idols, who was somewhat older than me, led the overthrow of his high school's student government and set up a Marxist regime — which dissolved when summer vacations began. At McGill he pulled straight A's in Political Science by protesting about the CIA's involvement in Chile; he still brags that the RCMP once maintained a file in his name. After graduation in 1973, he then worked for five years in the foreign-policy division of a major Canadian bank. Now he owns three bars in Montreal.

So here we are: the Class of '85, Dalhousie's most recent gift to the future. What are we like? I can only speak for myself. At night, I watch as Barbara Frum reduces the globe to a glossy package of sustained chaos for my edification. But that doesn't stop me from planning post-graduation conquests with a sense of wonder and ambition. Though there's no one Vietnam to focus on, I monitor 50 potential disasters in my spare time. Should a few members of my graduating class feel the same way, I wonder if it occurs to them that the kind of social awareness I'm talking about only adds up to voyeurism? ☐

Elected school boards: who cares?

by Deborah Draper

When angry parents and school students marched on the Nova Scotia Legislature and Halifax City Hall last spring, parent organizer Afra Kavanagh found it rather amusing to watch them being sent back and forth. She recalls, "The minister of education came out and said, 'It's not our fault, go talk to the city,' and the city said 'the province negotiated the contract, it's their fault so you go march on them.' It was just a runaround."

Kavanagh and others feel that what happened last spring over the issue of funding cutbacks in Halifax schools could have been avoided if Nova Scotia had elected school boards with full taxing authority.

School boards in Nova Scotia are made up of both elected and appointed members. One-third of the board's members are appointed by the provincial government, one-third by the municipality, and the remainder are elected from the public at large. School board funding comes from the province and the municipality, both of which are represented on the board.

Nova Scotia is the only province in Canada besides Newfoundland not to have fully elected school boards. Elected boards in several other provinces, such as Ontario, have full taxing authority and are able to directly determine the size of their budgets.

Kavanagh maintains that if Halifax had had a fully elected school board, last spring's events need not have occurred — parents would have known with whom to communicate and an elected board, she maintains, would have known the community's feelings about the programs that were cut and would probably have increased their budget accordingly.

Unlike Kavanagh, not everyone in Nova Scotia is convinced that elected school boards are a good idea. A fully elected board with taxing authority would be confusing to the electorate, according to Halifax alderman and former appointed school board member Art Flynn. He says he feels sorry for anyone who has to run for school board. "The electorate gets deluged with so much information during a civic election that the school board candidates get lost in the shuffle. As far as many of the electorate are concerned, I don't think they care if it's an elected or appointed board; they think it's still going to cost them money."

Only Nova Scotia and Newfoundland don't have fully elected school boards. It's a contentious issue but the pressure for change is mounting



Kavanagh: "parent commitment to education will continue"

Emmet Currie of the Nova Scotia Teachers Union which supports elected boards, agrees that one of the perceptions people have about elected school boards with taxing authority is that they'll have to pay more taxes. He says that's not necessarily so — a person's total property tax bill would likely remain the same, but it would be apportioned differently.

To escape increased taxes, however, and still have increased education spending, taxpayers would have to come to grips with the fact that municipal services might be cut back. "To avoid these cutbacks, property taxes might ultimately have to be increased. This," says Alderman Flynn, "is what worries property owners."

Flynn adds that public participation in the political process would have to increase for elected boards to work. Kavanagh sees the public as being aware enough of education and ready to take more responsibility for it. She expects education to be a municipal election issue in October. She says there's a higher involvement by all the Parent-Teacher Associations in Halifax. "When we called for support in our battle with City Hall, of the 21 PTAs across the city, only three could not participate because of previous commitments." This commitment to education, she says, will continue.

The provincial government isn't opposed to elected boards, but the municipalities are seen by many to be dragging their feet on the issue. Municipalities feel their caution is justified. They fear they would lose control over municipal spending and cease to be overseers of the level of education funding.

The municipalities also feel that the

incentive for aldermen or appointed school board members to monitor and limit education spending might be greater than that of elected members. Aldermen represent parents but also senior citizens and other taxpayers, while elected school board members usually represent only parents.

According to one municipal official, elected school boards would have a tendency to throw more money at a problem rather than spending wisely. "With elected boards," he asks, "where's the incentive, who's overseeing the thing, who's saying 'look, we've got to deliver more French lessons for the buck — and better French lessons?'"

Both sides see the elected school board issue as one of accountability. Councillor Lois Wiseman, an appointed member of the Halifax County-Bedford District School Board who's in favor of fully elected boards, says, "Your accountability is greater when you're directly responsible to someone rather than in a roundabout way. As a councillor I'm directly accountable to the public who elected me. As a municipally appointed school board member I am only indirectly accountable to people for education in this area."

Conflict of interest can arise, she says, when you're trying to wear both hats. "At budget time you're torn. As a councillor you're getting direction from council — and your first loyalty is to that body — that we can't support any more than a five per cent increase in the school board budget. But as a school board member you look at the budget and you say 'How in the world? We can't survive on a five per cent increase.'"

From time to time charges are levelled that provincial appointments to

boards are made strictly on political grounds and that the provincial government attempts to influence boards through "its" members. For her part, Jessie Miller, provincially appointed member of the Halifax County-Bedford board denies these accusations. She says she has never felt any political pressure in trying to do her job. She feels her appointment was based solely on her interest in education and that appointed members are working hard for the parents and kids. "I feel the public is being well served by the appointees. I don't think just anybody's picked. Living out here in Mosher's River — I'm a hundred miles from Halifax — I feel that my com-

munity and school involvement were instrumental in my being asked."

While Nova Scotia debates the issue of elected school boards with taxing authority, Ontario has such a system in place. Ontario Ministry of Education official Sue Hannah says the boards deliver the service, raise the money and have primary responsibility and accountability to the public. The provincial government, although it provides funding, acts along with the municipalities as a support base.

"Elected school boards work because the public makes the members accountable," Hannah says. "They put a lot of pressure on the trustees (mem-

bers). There are many meetings, on things like school closures due to declining enrolments, and they come and they march and they picket and they say to the trustees 'You can't close my school'. And it's an election year and it's finally a very political process."

A very political process. Whether the Nova Scotia government amends the Education Act to permit fully elected school boards with taxing authority will depend in greatest part on public opinion and the political pressure brought to bear. How many people out there really care? The turnout during the October municipal elections will provide part of the answer. **C**

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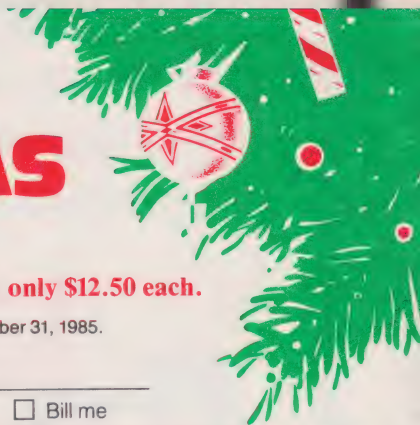
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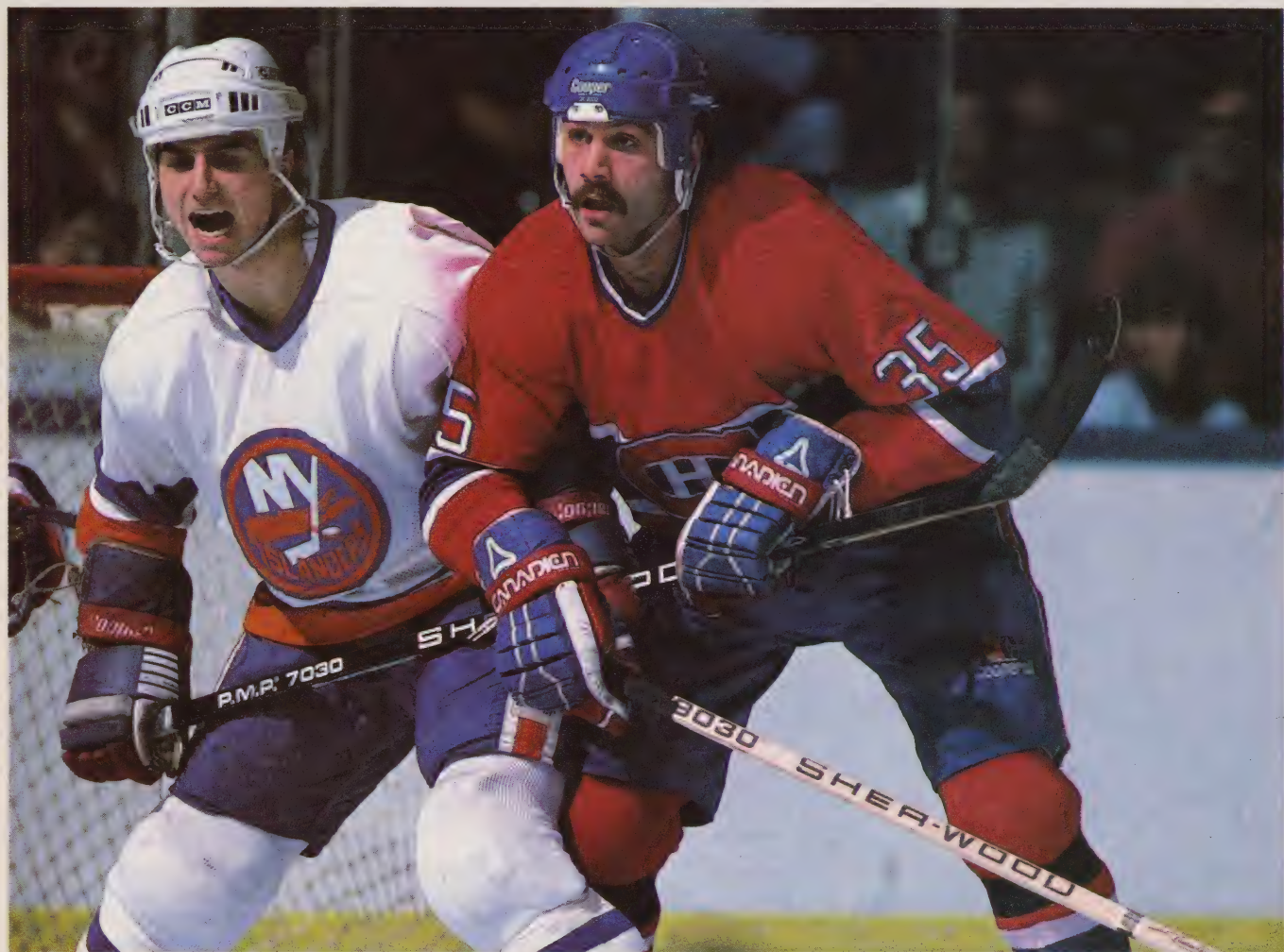
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BRUCE BENNETT

Paul Boutilier (left) and Mike MacPhee: Sydney boys making good

East Coasters in the NHL: in the shadow of Gordie Drillon

There are some 20 Atlantic Canadians in the National Hockey League, more than ever before. Some of them have the ability to win the league scoring title, something that, among Maritimers, only Gordie Drillon of Moncton has ever done — and that was half a century ago

by Pat Connolly

The big guy hasn't been feeling well lately but the doctors have had difficulty diagnosing the problem. The weight loss has stripped about 70 pounds from a formidable frame that once defied the great defenders of the National Hockey League to budge it from the slots he occupied as one of the game's pure shooters. That's when he wore a Toronto Maple Leafs uniform and displayed skills that were to take him to hockey's Hall of Fame. Fortunately, with his appetite back, he's on the mend and "when I get my

weight back up to about 210 I'll be okay." That figure will be some 40 pounds less than he's carried for years.

Gordie Drillon, 71, regaining health to enjoy his retirement from the New Brunswick government sports job he held for 25 years, is the only Atlantic Canadian to win the NHL scoring title. He was a rarity in the 1930s as a kid from the East Coast with sufficient talent to play in the bigs at all. He was a true phenomenon in 1937-38 when he won the Art Ross Trophy as NHL scoring champion with 26 goals and 26 assists for 52 points — two more

than linemate Syl Apps.

That same season Drillon also won the Lady Byng Trophy as the league's "player judged to have exhibited the best type of sportsmanship and gentlemanly conduct combined with a high standard of playing ability." He was selected to the NHL's first all-star team.

If that performance doesn't appear to stand up against the inflated statistics of modern times, consider that Drillon's feat was accomplished over a 48-game schedule in a six-team league that placed a premium on jobs and tight defensive play. Fewer than 100 playing positions were filled by only the most elite athletes.

Drillon wasn't the first Atlantic Canadian to play in the NHL. There were trailblazers like Nova Scotians Bill (Red) Stuart and Stanton Jackson, both of Amherst, Mickey Roach of Glace Bay, and Ted Stackhouse of Windsor, all of whom played with Toronto St. Pat's in the early 1920s. Joe Lamb of Sussex, N.B. saw duty with Ottawa, Montreal and New York teams and the Allen brothers of Bayfield, N.B., George and Vivian (Squee), became Drillon contemporaries in the NHL with New York Rangers and



N.B. HALL OF FAME

Drillon during glory days with the Maple Leafs

Chicago Black Hawks in the 1930s.

In the 47 years since the kid from Moncton proved that it was possible for an Atlantic Canadian to play — and excel — in the NHL, his finest performance has gone unchallenged by even the greatest succeeding heroes of the Toronto franchise.

No Maple Leaf since, not Ted (Teeder) Kennedy, Max Bentley or Apps, not Gaye Stewart, Sid Smith, Dave Keon, Frank Mahovlich or Darryl Sittler, with all their individual brilliance, ever equalled Drillon's feat. None of them ever won the Art Ross Trophy, and neither has anybody else from Atlantic Canada. "And as long as the guy from Edmonton hangs around," he says with a chuckle, "that part is probably safe from challengers" — a reference to Wayne Gretzky, the Oilers wunderkind, having a lock on the scoring championship for as far as the mind can imagine.

Not that Drillon's developed a jaundiced perspective on the possibility that someday some talented youngster from

down east will come along to usurp his crown. On the contrary, he rooted hard for Erroll Thompson of St. Eleanor's, P.E.I., whom he recommended to the Leafs in the mid-1970s. He thinks Rick Vaive of Charlottetown, Bobby Smith of North Sydney, N.S. or Paul MacLean of Antigonish, N.S. could be bona fide contenders. Beyond that, Atlantic Canada is producing more and better quality players for the professional ranks than at any time in history. Coaches too.

The 1984-85 season included no fewer than 17 Atlantic Canadians on NHL final rosters, either native-born or developed through East Coast hockey systems. Three of the group, Bobby Smith of Montreal Canadiens, Keith Brown of Chicago Black Hawks and Dave Pichette of New Jersey Devils fall into a special category of having East Coast birthrights, but all moved from the region at tender ages. Two others, Vaive and MacLean were born in Ottawa and France respectively — MacLean of Nova Scotia parents — but both are legitimate Maritimers in the

sense they honed their considerable skills through the minor hockey systems of Charlottetown and Antigonish.

The others, by province, were Nova Scotians Allan MacInnis of Inverness, with Calgary Flames; Malcolm (Mac) Davis of Lockeport, with Buffalo Sabres; Mike MacPhee, born in Sydney, with Montreal Canadiens; Doug Sulliman of Glace Bay, with New Jersey Devils; and Paul Boutilier of Sydney, with New York Islanders. New Brunswickers were Charlie Bourgeois of Moncton, a Calgary defenceman; Greg Malone of Fredericton, with Hartford Whalers; and goaltender Rollie Melanson of Moncton, with Minnesota North Stars. Prince Edward Island, with probably the best per capita representation of all provinces, included, besides Vaive, Summerside natives Gerard Gallant of Detroit Red Wings and John Chabot of Pittsburgh Penguins, Al MacAdam and Bob MacMillan of Charlottetown, with Vancouver Canucks and Chicago Black Hawks. Five NHLers per 125,000 people runs well above the norm for any Canadian community.

Add to the list of seacoast expatriates three people at the managerial level of major professional teams, assistant coaches John Brophy of Toronto, an Antigonish product, and Rick Bowness, a Moncton-born, Halifax-reared assistant coach with the Winnipeg Jets, and the assistant general manager of the Calgary Flames, Al MacNeil of Sydney. A fourth, newly minted Flames assistant coach Pierre Page is a Quebec-born Maritimer by adoption with a 20-year Nova Scotia background as a player with St. Francis Xavier University teams and long-time coach of Dalhousie Tigers in the 1970s before joining the pros.

If Drillon was the first Maritimer to win an NHL scoring title, Al MacNeil is distinguished by the fact he became the first native coach of modern times to win a Stanley Cup, with the Montreal Canadiens in the spring of 1971 after taking over a dispirited collection of stars in mid-season.

His reward was exile to the American Hockey League the next season because of a mutual agreement that a unilingual anglophone coach in the bastion of a then-burgeoning francophone nationalism was at least impractical, if not totally unacceptable. MacNeil came home to introduce professional hockey to Nova Scotia as coach and general manager of the American League Voyageurs. In the next six seasons he delivered three Calder Cup teams before returning to the NHL in 1978-79 as coach of the Atlanta Flames.

Brophy took a more circuitous route to the major league, a 21-year apprenticeship as a player and coach in the Eastern Hockey League, hockey's "slapshot division," followed by two seasons as coach of the Birmingham Baby Bulls of the World Hockey Association and three more as G.M./Coach of the AHL Vees. Tough and irreverent, Brophy



Rick Vaive (22): from Charlottetown to Toronto captain and three 50-goal seasons

earned a reputation along the way as a man able to coax good players to be better and drive mediocre ones beyond their capacities. In every respect he had the qualities that finally brought him to the attention of Harold Ballard, the equally irreverent owner of the Maple Leafs. The old warrior liked the style of the man from Antigonish, his unrelenting demand for maximum performance and the respect and loyalty those demands produced among players. The hockey marriage of two like minds — one covered by a magnificent white thatch, the other by chemical orange — was a natural.

Ballard was also not unaware that his star winger Vaive had previously expressed public admiration for Brophy, his coach at Birmingham when the big shooter turned pro in 1978-79 following a landmark U.S. court decision which allowed 18-year-olds to escape restrictions on age imposed by an agreement between the NHL and Canadian junior hockey authorities.

"John Brophy," Vaive said later, "taught me to become a player and a man."

Perhaps Ballard believed that Vaive and Brophy had a Maritime understanding of each other and that his new assistant coach could bridge the gulf developing between Vaive and management. That gulf was a product of the captaincy bestowed on Vaive by his teammates. The Toronto owner would have preferred to

name the captain himself. Ballard had scornfully dispatched the two previous Leaf captains — Keon to the Hartford Whalers and Sittler to the Philadelphia Flyers. He asked Vaive to resign the captaincy a year ago and was refused.

Last season, the tension surfaced during a Leaf practice when Vaive not-so-subtly suggested head coach Dan Maloney commit himself to a physically impossible act. When Brophy moved to cool the exchange, he was advised by the player to do likewise but his friend and mentor from Birmingham understands the frustration.

"Ricky," says Brophy, "is a great National Hockey League player. He's a proven 50-plus goal scorer, something he's done three times and will do again. There are times when he gets a little hot and tensions develop but that's part of his competitive nature. When he develops fully to the point of total concentration on his game, there's no telling what he's capable of doing or how great he can become."

Rightly or wrongly, the traditional rap against East Coast players within the hockey gentry is fierce independence and a reputation for being "homing pigeons" who have more trouble adjusting to big city life than most youngsters from other parts of the continent. Paul MacLean, who has made the adjustment and stands on the threshold of superstardom following four seasons in which he's averaged 37 goals for the Winnipeg Jets, thinks

there is some validity to the criticism but doesn't view it as necessarily bad.

"Without a doubt," he says, "we're the products of a very special environment and a culture that places greater emphasis on family life and ties than many other regions of the country. It's very easy for a teenage youngster to get homesick. Certainly I got lonesome when I was away from home early in my life, but you have to put it all in perspective and understand that it's temporary — that you aren't leaving your roots behind." Yet MacLean concedes that the presence of assistant-coach Rick Bowness in Winnipeg makes his hockey life a little easier. "Oh sure, Rick and I enjoy a special kind of relationship because we're both Nova Scotians and have a lot in common."

MacLean's provincialism extends to a genuine interest in the success of other East Coasters in the league — except when they play the Jets. A kindred spirit exists, especially toward Doug Sulliman of the New Jersey Devils. "Sully and I first played against each other as bantams, he with Glace Bay and me with Antigonish and it seems we've been playing opposite ever since."

As MacLean is kindred, Sulliman is blithe, the quintessential Cape Bretoner spanning the globe in comfort and ease, looking back only to recognize his good fortune and coming back often enough to retain his Cape Breton credentials and catch up on the latest material from the

COVER STORY

Rise and Follies. A caller to his home in Rye, New York was greeted by a recorded message in purest Cape Bretonese: "How's she goin' bye? Ol' Doug ain't home just now but he'd love to talk to ya when he gits here so when ya hears de beep, start leavin' yer message . . ."

Within the hour the other, real Sulliman is on the line, vibrant and articulate in the manner of any resident of fashionable Westchester County. He's exquisitely happy to be with, of all teams, the New Jersey Devils. But then, after life with the perennially disappointing New York Rangers and the hirsute Hartford Whalers, it's good to be almost anywhere, or anything, even a Devil.

who was born in Sydney but raised in River Bourgeois en route to Montreal Canadiens; Paul Boutilier of Sydney, one of the fastest skating defencemen in the NHL with New York Islanders; and defenceman Allan MacInnis of Inverness and Port Hood, with Calgary.

MacInnis, who perfected the art by shooting pucks against a barn door while his Port Hood contemporaries lazed on the beaches during the summer months, is generally accepted as the hardest shooter in the NHL. But Al MacNeil is more anxious to talk about the steady development in young Allan's total game. "We drafted him (Calgary's first choice in 1981) knowing he had some defensive

Jacques Lemaire, who brought out the best of MacPhee during his term at the helm, describes his pupil as "an honest hockey player who does everything asked of him, who comes to play game in and game out."

So does Paul Boutilier of the Islanders, a mercury-footed young defenceman brought along slowly by the patient Al Arbour at Long Island. He has size, speed and intelligence but if Arbour had his druthers, Boutilier would be a little more physical to complement his other skills. After playing 29 games with the Islanders in 1982-83, following a starring role with Canada's world junior championship team, Boutilier was sent to the farm at Indianapolis for most of the 1983-84 season. Coach Fred Creighton, a former defenceman, became a steady influence. "He helped me a lot. I mean mentally. He would take me aside and we'd go over things, and he'd explain that I was in a developing stage of my life and I was there for a purpose," Boutilier says.

The young man called Boots learned his lessons well and when he returned to the Islanders in 1984-85, he was ready, even if Arbour was not always convinced. "He got mad at me sometimes and had a lot to say, and I knew I'd better listen. But I also knew it was in my best interest." A significant vote of confidence came during the season from his defence partner, Gordie Lane who also happens to be one of the tough guys in pro hockey. Lane told Tim Moriarty of *Newsday*, "Boots is tough to knock off the puck. He has great strength and when he goes into the corner with a man, he usually comes out with the puck or manages to tie up the guy. He seldom winds up second best." Arbour must have noticed as well.

Fifteen of the Atlantic Canadians in the league at the end of the 1984-85 season were originally drafted by NHL teams. The other two, Mac Davis of Buffalo and Charlie Bourgeois of Calgary, were signed as free agents after being virtually ignored during their draft eligibility years — proof that even the finest talent scouts in the business can and sometimes do make mistakes. Davis, the former St. Mary's Huskies college star, signed initially with Detroit and managed to get into 11 NHL games in three years before moving over to the Buffalo organization in 1981. Since then he's shunted between the Sabres and their farm team in Rochester, becoming a useful player for Scotty Bowman at the major league level. Last season, his best, he pumped in 17 goals, mostly on the Sabres power play.

Bourgeois was a Calgary walk-in in the fall of 1981 from the University of Moncton Blue Eagles, where he toiled with distinction for recently appointed Montreal Canadiens coach Jean Perron. At 6'4" and 217 lbs, he's an equalizing presence on the Flames backline where, according to Al MacNeil, "he's developed to the point of being a legitimate major league defenceman. Charlie's greatest



BRUCE BENNETT

Antigonish's Paul MacLean: on threshold of superstardom

Signed by New Jersey as a free agent in the summer of 1984, Sulliman regained a measure of the scoring touch that made him a standout with Kitchener Rangers of the OHL and New York's number one pick in the 1979 NHL entry draft. Regaining a lease on his career, Sulliman anchored the Devils power play and despite losing some time to injuries, clicked for 22 goals, 16 more than he managed with Hartford the previous season. "Hartford treated me well," he says, "but it was good to get away from the strictly defensive assignments I'd been given. Trying to contain the biggest gunners in the NHL night after night isn't exactly my strong suit as a player. Jersey has given me the chance to be a more complete player and hopefully I'm headed back in that direction."

Sulliman shares the Cape Breton affection with three others, Mike MacPhee

deficiencies and that sometimes he lacked concentration but we're very pleased with the way he's worked to improve in these areas. Allan is now definitely in the future star category." His value to the Flames power play is reflected by a 66-point season, including 52 assists, many resulting from deflections and rebounds.

Mike MacPhee, coming off a season in which he established his credentials as a major league player, has one of the finest wrist shots in the league. He reached an NHL career high of 17 goals last season, not great by present-day standards, but productive in the light of Montreal's suddenly effective defensive system. According to Brophy, who coached MacPhee for two seasons in Halifax, "He'll score a lot more when he gets it into his head that he has a great shot, when he starts to believe that." Outgoing Canadiens coach

asset is that he plays within himself, doesn't try to do the things of which he isn't capable. He's very steady."

New Brunswick's elder statesman in the league at age 29 is Greg Malone of Hartford, born in Fredericton and developed within the Chatham minor hockey program. Heading into his 12th campaign, Malone has been a productive performer with 182 goals and a total 479 points. That says a lot for a career divided between two of the worst teams in modern history, the Whalers and the moribund Pittsburgh Penguins, who made him their second draft choice in the 1976 amateur pick.

But in overall league seniority, Malone bows to a couple of Islanders who mulled over their futures this past summer. Al MacAdam and Bobby MacMillan of Charlottetown concluded a combined total of 25 years of service this past spring, MacMillan's 13 years with Atlanta/Calgary, St. Louis, Colorado, New Jersey and Chicago and MacAdam's even dozen with Philadelphia, California Sabres, Cleveland Barons, Minnesota North Stars and Vancouver Canucks. A friendly rivalry that began seriously while they were teammates with Charlottetown junior Islanders in the late 1960s may have ended with MacAdam's NHL career points total slightly higher, 591 to 577. Vaive is certain to eclipse those figures and so, too, may John Chabot, 23, of Pittsburgh, born John Kahibaitche in Summerside, P.E.I. The son of a military

father, John moved with his family to the Halifax area at an early age and developed through the Spryfield and Dartmouth minor hockey associations. Moving to Hull Olympiques of the Quebec Junior League in 1979, his full-blooded Algonquin father decided young John needed "a hockey name." Hence Chabot as in Lorne, the former NHL goaltending great. A clever playmaker somewhat on the slower side, Chabot's trade from Canadiens to Pittsburgh last season may have been the career break he needed, lots of ice time with a rebuilding team.

Another move considered to be to the player's advantage sent Atlantic Canada's only major league goaltender, Rollie Melanson of Moncton, from the Islanders to Minnesota late last season. Languishing on the bench for much of his 4 1/2 seasons while Billy Smith directed the Islanders to four Stanley Cups, Melanson requested, and received a transfer to the North Stars where his future appears much brighter. One major reason is the summer appointment of his former assistant coach in New York, Lorne Henning, as Minnesota's new head coach. Now Rollie the Goalie will almost certainly get a full opportunity to display his skills at the major league level.

A Newfoundland presence in the league is maintained by a couple of long-gone natives, Dave Pichette of New Jersey, born 25 years ago in Grand Falls, while his Quebecois father was on a coaching assignment, and Keith Brown

of Chicago, born the same year in Corner Brook, whose father was an RCMP constable transferred within a matter of months. But according to Fred Jackson, sports editor of the St. John's *Evening Telegram*, "A Newfoundlander is a Newfoundlander and there's a great deal of provincial interest in their careers. Until we're able to deliver another Alex Faulkner, we'll keep them."

Faulkner is the province's greatest hockey folk hero whose career with Detroit Red Wings in the 1960s was as brief as it was meteoric. Five important playoff goals in 12 games during the 1962-63, 63-64 seasons earned him more national attention than any of the major name players involved, Gordie Howe included.

Today, Newfoundland, like the other Atlantic Provinces, is reaping the benefit of modern technology and updated coaching skills that produce more and better players. Since 1950, 27 other Atlantic Canadians played in the NHL for varying periods, ranging from Parker MacDonald's 13 years to Joe Lundrigan's one. New Brunswick delivered the first black player in NHL history, Willie O'Ree of Fredericton. None came close to matching Gordie Drillon's record but with a new awareness of the region by major league scouts, the future seems destined to someday produce another NHL scoring champion.

If it happens during Drillon's lifetime, the big guy will be the first to applaud. ☑



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Daurene Lewis, Annapolis Royal's special lady mayor

Annapolis Royal scored another first when it elected Daurene Lewis the first black woman mayor in Canada

The morning mists of nearly 200 years have rolled over Annapolis Royal since a stalwart black woman in strange garb first trundled her wheelbarrow down to the busy wharf. Many ships came and went, and in a short time she had carved out a career for herself as the proprietor of Canada's first baggage handling business. Her legend lives on, for despite her humble station she was a woman of strong, enterprising character, and the business she founded flourished until the late 1970s.

But even the ghost of Rose Fortune — still dressed, one might imagine, in her man's coat over several layers of ankle-length skirt and a white apron, wide-brimmed hat perched atop her lace bonnet — must have been taken aback, lately, to witness Mayor Daurene Lewis, her descendant four generations down, hobnobbing with royalty.

Mayor Lewis, who displays many of the characteristics of her almost-mythical ancestor and a few more acquired along the way, is well on the way to establishing a legend of her own. And this not merely because she is the first black woman to hold the office of mayor in Canada, but also on account of the capable, no-nonsense manner in which she performs her duties.

It may have been the matter of color and gender that attracted national attention when she was elected last December, but in the election itself these factors were insignificant. If there are bigots in the community they lie very low. Lewis and her family have been central to the town's life and have been liked and respected for so long that such invidious distinctions are no longer made.

At the town hall, things have not worked so smoothly for years. Since the formation of the Annapolis Royal Development Commission in 1977 to plan and oversee the restoration and growth of the ancient town, tension and occasional open strife between the town council and the commission have been regarded as inevitable. Now, says the commission's executive director, Paul Buxton, with the mayor and four of her councillors on the commission, conflicts are met head on and in almost every case are satisfactorily and amicably settled.

Both Buxton and town clerk Doug Souchen are full of praise for the new mayor. They're especially impressed by

her sense of civic duty and grasp of the town's financial and administrative structure. Crises have become fewer, but when they arise, Souchen has only to walk across St. George Street to where the mayor sits at her loom in the window of Studio Wefan.

"We used to lose valuable time, sometimes, tracking down the mayor," comments Doug Souchen, "but now we always know where she is." So do scores of others who have business with the town, or simply want to air their views on civic affairs. Lewis chairs council meetings with competence and flair. She

is popular with her associates and with the staff, and the boundless energy she brings to her job is accompanied by an impish sense of humor.

Her roots are down deep and she cares profoundly about the town, but exhibits none of the parochialism that might be expected to imply. Her outlook is that "a town not going up is a town going down." She accepts that despite the phenomenal renaissance that has come to Annapolis Royal in the past five years the town's tax base must be broadened if a reasonable degree of emancipation from provincial apron strings is to be achieved. She has already been instrumental in attracting several new enterprises to the town.

Lewis learned her budgetary skills the hard way, according to her mother, Peryle Lowe. Of her childhood allowance of 25¢, a dime went for the weekly movie, a nickel for candy and the rest went in the bank. By such thrift she eventually bought herself a horse. She was a bright child and a favorite with everybody, always busy, then as now: brownies, guides, collecting bills for the business that began with Rose



Lewis: 200-year-old Annapolis Royal roots brought wonderfully to fruition

MINETTE RAFFUSE/VALLEY MIRROR

Fortune's barrow. Her father, James A. Lewis, was himself a substantial figure in the town. He had his own dream of serving on council, but in a place where a black man was barred from the barber's shop the time was obviously not yet ripe. He was a highly respected mason, however, and in a town that prides itself on its many "firsts" he, like Rose before and Daurene later, made his contribution. He was the first black Lion's Club member in Canada.

Daurene, graduating from grade 12 with ease at the age of 16, considered law, then medicine, but opted instead for nursing. When she completed her training in Halifax she was too young to receive her certificate. She got her teaching diploma from Dalhousie University and taught nursing in Yarmouth before serving in the Western and Sunnybrook hospitals in Toronto.

In 1972, while on vacation, she astonished her mother by announcing that she was quitting her job and coming home. "But what will you do?" Peryle asked in alarm when Daurene arrived with all her belongings.

"I'm going to be a weaver."

Peryle, who was president of the Fort Anne Weavers' Guild, an acknowledged expert at her craft, submitted to the inevitable and agreed to teach her daughter. "But she needed little teaching. She had a natural ability." Her ability was such that a couple of years later she opened her own shop. She describes herself as "a functional weaver," but the magnificent woven garments she designs and makes considerably impress local women and tourists alike. The fashion shows she organizes draw enthusiasts from far and wide.

In addition to her mother's old position as president of the Weavers' Guild, Lewis is a governor of the Annapolis Royal Heritage Foundation and the Community Arts Council, and a member of the local hospital board. All of which does not prevent her from working at the restoration of the historic house she inherited from her grandparents, tending her garden in summer, knitting and sewing in winter and taking long walks with her dog to unwind. She also engages in aerobics and does a little weightlifting.

Lewis is an attractive woman in her mid-30s in fine physical condition. When addressing a meeting in Halifax recently, a member of the audience commented, "Are all the men blind in Annapolis? She's single."

Lewis' warmth and personal charm were very much in evidence recently when she presented the key of the town to Prince Andrew. The Prince impressed her by the way he lowered his voice and spoke to her confidentially, person to person. "A real Prince Charming," she says. But she, too, made her impression. Said town clerk Souchen with great admiration, "She conducted herself with great dignity. She may have had butterflies but they sure didn't show." Rose Fortune would be proud.



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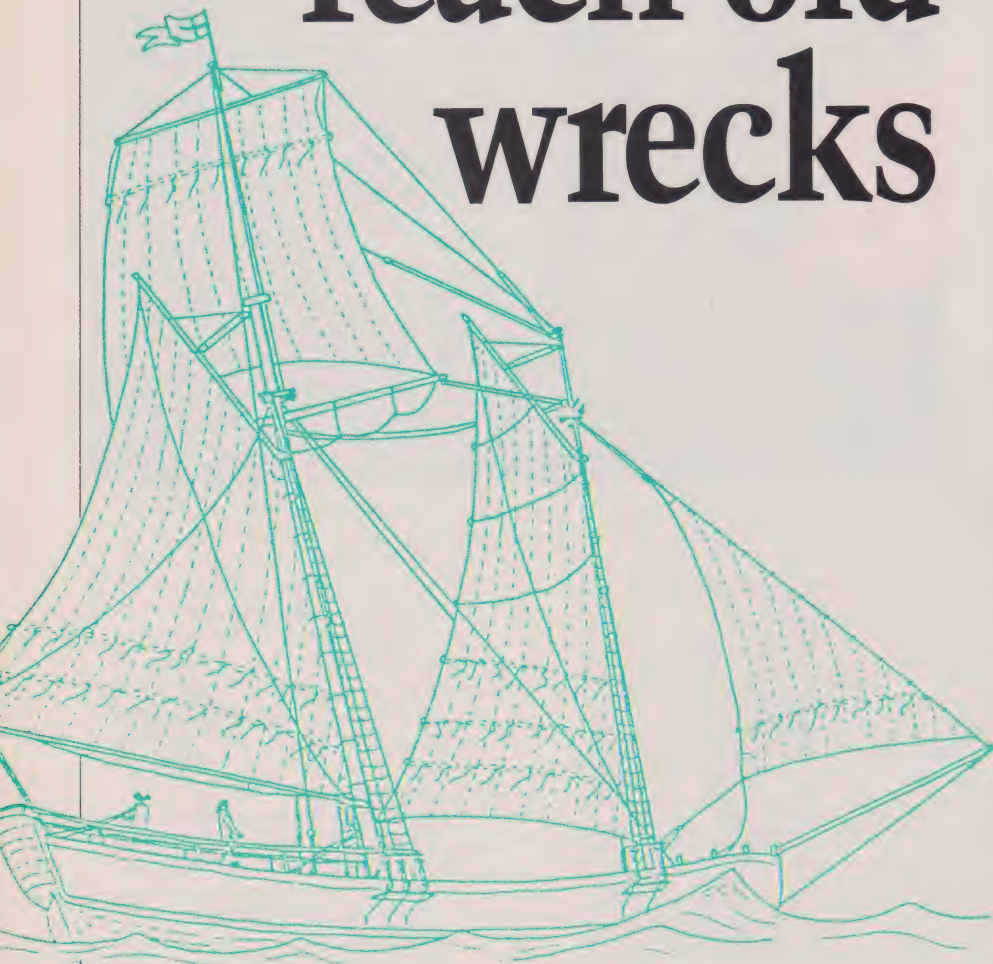
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The race to reach old wrecks



Treasure hunters, government scientists and amateur archaeologists all compete for our undersea heritage of sunken ships. With advancing technology, the time is short and laws are lacking to deal with the conflict

by David Holt

There's a lot of ships out there under those cold Atlantic waters. Just how many no one knows for sure, but a marine archaeologist with Treasure Salvors Inc., the outfit that recently found a fortune in silver ingots lost with the Spanish galleon *Atocha* off Florida, claims there are at least 100,000 pre-1900 wrecks in U.S. waters alone.

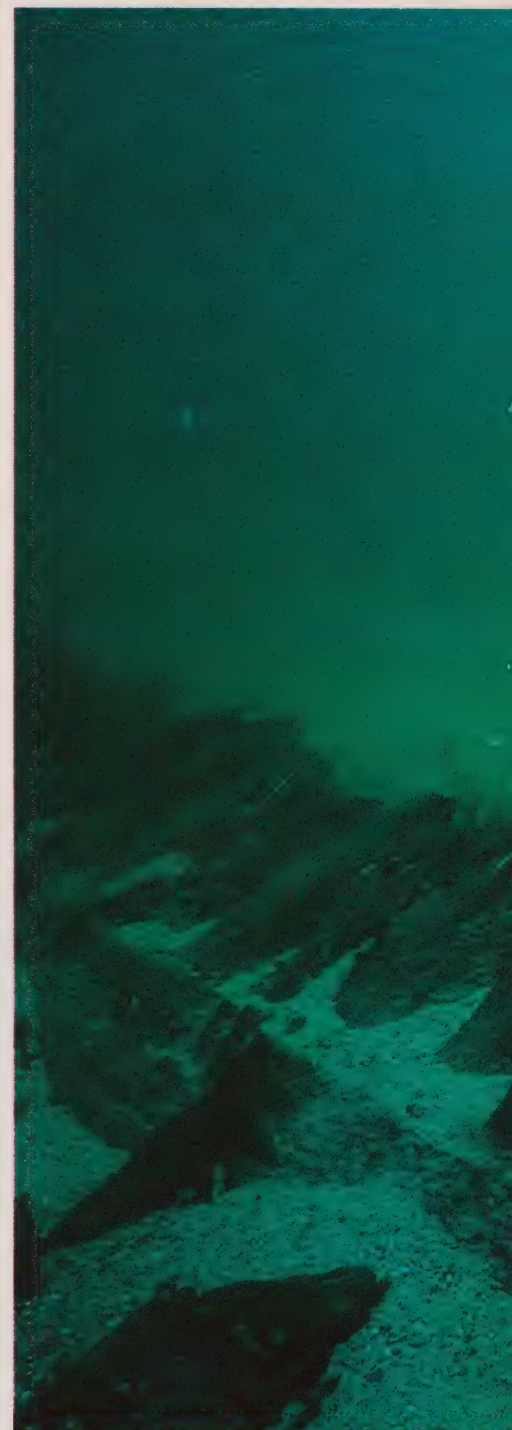
The treacherous coastline of Atlantic Canada, where for centuries the sea was

the only highway, can claim more than its fair share of the grim toll. An estimated 5,000 wrecks lie off the shores of just Nova Scotia. Even in this age of accurate charts, radar and electronic navigation, the waters around Sable Island, the Magdalens, Scaterie Island, Grand Manan, the capes of Newfoundland and the islands of Labrador still raise the hairs on mariners' necks.

Most of the ships that died violently leave behind only a trace of scattered

timbers or twisted metal which is soon hidden by seaweed, crawling crustaceans and darting fish. Some ships, however, expired more gently and can remain preserved for centuries, often buried under layers of silt with only a jutting spar or a couple of cannons left on the seafloor to give them away. These ships linger on as time capsules, sunken museums waiting for the marine archaeologist and modern technology to piece together each wreck's story.

But the archaeologist isn't alone in his quest for old wrecks. There's another group — salvors — whose deeds often attract more public attention. These are freebooting divers who invest heavily from their own pockets in the hope of





finding a fortune in gold and silver, or rare artifacts that fetch a high price from collectors.

The risks for these adventurers, and the potential rewards, are enormous. This summer a Dartmouth, N.S. diving and underwater engineering firm, Wolf Sub-Ocean Ltd., in partnership with a New England company, began salvage operations off Nantucket, Mass., that could cost as much as \$6 million. But the possible payoff is staggering — up to \$500 million worth of U.S. gold coins believed to be in the hold of the *SS Republic* which sank in 1909. The partnership should know by next summer whether they've struck the greatest undersea mother lode of all time — or drawn a blank.

There's no love lost between the salvors and the archaeologists. "Archaeologists aren't too fond of salvors," says Robert Ferguson, a Parks Canada archaeologist in Halifax. "They don't care about history, about what artifacts can tell us. They take what they want and disturb the rest, destroying the context of the site."

Unfortunately, the conflict between the two groups is hindering the progress of both camps. At least that's the opinion of Alex Storm, Canada's most successful treasure hunter. In the 1960s, Storm, a Cape Breton resident, followed a trail of cannon off Kelp Cove and found the *Chameau*, a French payship bound for Louisbourg that broke up on a reef in 1725. Eventually Storm recovered a half

A diver checks over the remains of an 18th century fishing schooner off Terence Bay, N.S. Far left: an artist's conception of what the vessel looked like



Alex Storm at his Marine Museum at Louisbourg: salvors and archaeologists can work side by side

million dollars in gold and silver coins.

Archaeologists don't require most of the financially valuable objects, such as coins, Storm argues. They need only photographs, wreck plans and artifacts of historical interest. "This leaves plenty of incentive for treasure hunters," he says.

Storm also sees a place for private collections and museums. "These government archaeologists fail to realize that not all the work need be done by government. Most of these guys, with the exception of those at Red Bay, never put a foot in the water. How do they expect these rich sources to be brought to light?" (The most significant underwater find in Canada lies in Red Bay, Labrador, near a Basque whaling station that is also being studied by land archaeologists. In 1979 Parks Canada archaeologists anchored their barge above the wreck of a 16th century Basque galleon thought to be the *San Juan* and have worked on it since. The underwater work ended in August, but analysis of the findings will continue for a long time.)

Storm suggests there is no reason why salvors and archaeologists can't work side by side. "The team salvaging the *Atocha* off Florida has employed a marine archaeologist all along," he states.

The conflict between marine archaeologists and salvors is a relatively recent one, made possible by the invention of the aqualung by Jacques Cousteau and others in 1943. Cousteau himself brought marine archaeology into the technological age when he led a dig on a 2nd century wreck off Marseilles in 1952. It was only

in the 1960s that conservation techniques reached the stage where artifacts, and sometimes entire ships, could be safely removed from the natural preserving agents of salt water and silt.

Marine archaeology in Canada only started in earnest in 1969 when Parks Canada began excavating the *Machault*, a French supply ship sunk by the English at the mouth of the Restigouche River in 1760. "The wreck was across from the pulp mill, buried in silt," recalls Ferguson, who worked on the site as a student volunteer. "The visibility was poor and it wasn't a treasure ship, so there wasn't much looting. Like many underwater sites, it yielded complete objects, not just fragments as you often find on land. We found ceramic plates, glass bottles, lead shot and preserved organics like leather shoes and textiles. It gave us a glimpse of the needs of the fortress at Quebec."

To Robert Grenier, head of Parks Canada's marine excavation unit, such digs forge a vital link with a forgotten past. "As a people Canadians have lost a sense of their maritime history," he says.

Regaining a sense of that history isn't helped by salvors less enlightened than Alex Storm. When three divers who were trying to sell artifacts they had taken from a wreck off the coast of Newfoundland approached the Maritime Museum in Halifax last year, David Flemming, the museum's director, alerted the Newfoundland Museum in St. John's. Under Newfoundland law it's an offense to remove historic material from the pro-

vince, so the Newfoundland Museum notified the RCMP. The divers were brought to trial in St. John's, where they pleaded guilty to federal charges of failing to obtain a salvage permit.

Even when salvors hold federal or provincial permits, legal wrangles with other government departments can hold up excavation by both salvors and archaeologists for years. The problem is the law — or lack of it.

In 1977 a team of salvors found the wreck of the French ship, *Auguste*, lost off Dingwall, Cape Breton in 1761. After reporting their find to federal authorities, the divers found themselves in a joint operation with archaeologists from Parks Canada. It was only after prolonged negotiations that a deal was struck, allowing the salvors most of the coins and letting the federal archaeologists keep the artifacts. Marine lawyer Donald Kerr of Halifax, who acted for the salvors, recommended legislation that spells out salvage rights on historic wrecks, warning that in future "the majority of wrecks of historic value are going to be found by private individuals. Unless such people know that they will receive fair treatment from the Crown, the finds will not be reported."

Before negotiating with the federal government in 1978 Kerr reviewed a myriad of laws and cases stretching back to the Norman conquest of Britain. The only certainty about salvage rights to historic wrecks, he concluded, was uncertainty. "It would be far more satisfactory if a set of rules could be evolved for all cases," he suggested.

On the provincial level, at least, some progress is being made. Newfoundland enacted an historic sites and objects act in 1973, but it was not designed to explicitly protect underwater sites. "The act is presently being amended to state that ownership of both land and water sites is vested in the provincial Crown," says David Mills of the Newfoundland Museum. "Those divers tried in 1984 were up on federal charges, so our provincial act remains untested."

In Nova Scotia, a special places protection act is in its infancy. "The new act overlaps with the treasure trove act, which only requires that salvors pay a royalty and doesn't mention archaeological value," says Bob Ogilvie of the Nova Scotia Museum. To complicate matters, in the summer of 1985 the Department of Tourism issued a press release inviting the divers of the world to search for the "large payloads of English and French coin" to be found off the coast of the province. "This is a case of the left hand not knowing what the right hand is doing," says Ogilvie, who works for the Department of Education. "A group of salvors recently went off in search of the French ship, *Liberty*. They got a permit from the Department of Mines and Energy under the treasure trove act, but they didn't come to us. It's frustrating."

In New Brunswick, "we're in the process of defining our policy on historic wrecks," says Chris Turnbull, provincial archaeologist. No legislation for the protection of shipwrecks exists in Prince Edward Island.

Meanwhile, the work of Parks Canada is being supplemented by private individuals in the form of memberships in the Newfoundland Marine Archaeological Society (NMAS) and the Underwater Archaeology Society of Nova Scotia (UASNS). "The NMAS got started in 1972 when some cannon were taken off the *Sapphire* by commercial divers and sold to a hotel," relates Vernon Barber, secretary of the society. "The local diving community was irate, and some of us thought that it was time to protect historic wrecks and do some archaeology of our own."

The group first studied archives in Newfoundland and England to learn more about the ship. The *Sapphire*, as it turned out, was an English warship sunk by the French in 1696 as a consolation prize after a French attack on St. John's had been foiled by the tide. In 1977 Parks Canada took over the excavation begun by the NMAS at Bay Bulls, south of St. John's.

In addition to pottery shards, clay pipes, glass and cannon, divers found a wooden nocturnal, a rare navigational instrument used before the development of the chronometer.

Since then the NMAS has surveyed sections of the Newfoundland coast and conducted several preliminary digs. "The wreck of a British merchant vessel was found off the town of Trinity by sport divers who were looking for scallops and

found cannon instead," says Jeanette Barber, who is writing a master's thesis on the find. "Some of us from the society dove on the wreck and found bottles from the 18th century, so the province declared it a historic site. Still, it is impossible to police a wreck. We rely on the goodwill of local divers, some of whom aid in our work."

Sport divers found another site under investigation by the NMAS — the wreck of a 17th century French fishing vessel off Isle-aux-Morts, near Port-aux-Basques. In 1981 the divers found wooden bowls, the heel of a shoe, some coins and an object stamped 1628 that turned out to be an astrolab — a rare navigational instrument that pre-dates the sextant.



Red Bay: most significant find

"A collector offered one of the divers \$50,000 — U.S. — for the astrolab," says Vernon Barber. "It was covered by the provincial heritage act, so the diver gave it up to the Newfoundland Museum — but not very willingly." Barber estimates that the NMAS will need a half million dollars to properly excavate the site. "We have a surfeit of interesting wrecks on our coast," he adds, "but not enough people or money."

The Underwater Archaeology Society of Nova Scotia was formed after John Carter, a Halifax marine biologist, returned from graduate study in Newfound-

land, where he had worked with the NMAS on the excavation of the *Sapphire*. "Most of our work has been on the wreck of a mid-18th century New England fishing schooner sunk near Terence Bay, south of Halifax," Carter says. "It is the only vessel of its kind found in Canadian waters."

The Terence Bay wreck lay in only four metres of water, but its exact position within a small cove was unknown. The timbers were covered with sand and further concealed by a carpet of kelp and eelgrass. But in the winter of 1980 parts of the hull were uncovered by a storm.

"At that time the kelp had been eaten by sea urchins, and the eelgrass removed by disease," recalls Gilbert Van Ryckevorsel, an underwater photographer and member of the UASNS. "For several years we had a time window through which to view the ship outlined against the white sand. Now the kelp and grass are growing back." A botanist who visited the site also suggested that the dense cover of eelgrass had used so much oxygen at the surface of the wreck that the microorganisms that feed on organic material — such as a ship's timbers — hadn't found a foothold. The wreck, at any rate, was well preserved, down to the paint that remained on the inside of the hull.


Thirty-five diving days on the site, stretched over several years, uncovered coins, buttons, pewter spoons, a leather shoe and apron, a green glass "onion" bottle and the skeletons of a pig and a rat. Masses of cod bones showed that the vessel was used both for fishing and transporting salt cod. Identification of the wood in the hull and the types of stone used for ballast suggested that the ship was built in New England. "Some of the construction was left unfinished," notes Carter. "This indicates the short but profitable lives of these ships in a trade that was beset by wars and privateering."

For its part, Parks Canada is pursuing a campaign to educate the public about the importance of historic shipwrecks. A museum based on the excavation of the *Machault* is scheduled to open on the Quebec side of Chaleur Bay. The marine dig at Red Bay will provide source material for years of research. This site alone, the object of world attention since 1979, guarantees Canada's reputation as a leader in underwater archaeology.

This reputation may well prove temporary, however, unless legislation that clearly spells out the rights of salvors and governments is enacted and enforced. "The need for laws and guidelines is becoming more critical daily," advises Bruce Fry, a Parks Canada archaeologist in Ottawa. "As diving gear gets more sophisticated, as submersibles become available for deep water work, wrecks will become more accessible."

More wrecks, some of historic value, will certainly be found. Whether artifacts from these wrecks end up on the auction block in New York, in the rec rooms of sport divers or in museums open to the public, remains an urgent question. ☒



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FRANCIS MACKINNON

Gardner gardening: common weeds are transformed into valued herbs in an isolated replica of a Scottish highland village

History in a herb garden

Most of the common herbs of Atlantic Canada are weeds and flowers by another name — and many are imports brought by early settlers. Some escapees from those early gardens are now common wild plants

by Jo Ann Gardner

On a windswept hillside overlooking the Barra Strait in Cape Breton, scarlet bee balm, goldenrod and deep purple violas are in bloom. It is fall now and these and dozens of other plants are at maturity. Some, like chives, have blossomed early and have been cut back, their flowers and leaves tied in bunches and hung in the kitchen of the late 19th century house across the road. Others like cornflowers, nasturtiums and calendulas show many buds still to open. Some have showy flowers, some fragrant leaves. All are different. But they have one thing in common — at one time in their history all these plants have been useful to people.

This is a garden of herbs. The site is the Nova Scotia Highland Village, an open-air folk museum established in the 1950s to depict Scottish highland life in the old world and in Nova Scotia. It's at Hector's Point, near Iona — an austere place, but brightened in summer by a spectacular wildflower display.

Visitors sometimes ask if this is a Scottish garden. The nationalities of Atlantic Canada's herbs are hard to assign. What can be said is that, with few exceptions, they are immigrants like the people who brought them. The native plants used as herbs by the Indians — including bog and woodland plants — were used by the immigrants as well, and would make a

fascinating garden too.

But the garden at the Highland Village is a settler's garden. There's no way of knowing how these alien plants became part of our gardens and, in some cases, our fields and roadsides.



BARRETT/MACKAY

Yarrow is used in medicinal herbal teas

Take yarrow, the ubiquitous Maritime weed. It was with the French at Louisbourg and could be found at Acadian pre-Expulsion settlements. Botanists are certain that it's an import. Whether it was planted or came with cargo in a supply ship, it was well established by the time the Scots arrived at Pictou in 1773. It's more than likely that they made use of its well-known medicinal properties. Its use as a cure-all tea does seem to be common knowledge still among the Scottish country folk of Nova Scotia.

Then there's summer savory, still the most popular herb on the East Coast and the only one commercially grown. Its use goes back to the time of Charlemagne. It was at Louisbourg too, and became popular as a cooking herb with all groups of settlers. The Germans and Dutch call it *bonenkruid* (bean plant) because they use it to flavor beans, while the Scots and others use the herb to flavor stuffing for chicken.

There are also flowers which may surprise those who think of herbs as mere clumps of greenery. The point is that the distinctions between herbs, flowers and weeds are often arbitrary. Who knows, for instance, that our common toadflax, a weed of waste places, is actually an escapee from some gardens of the past, or that even longer ago it was used as a fly repellent? Who would consider nasturtiums as a food, as they were for centuries before becoming the cherished flowers of late 19th century gardens? They are still one of the few flowers grown by the Scots in Cape Breton, who are not noted for their horticultural enthusiasms.

The effect of this broadly-defined herb garden at the Highland Village is at once apparent to visitors: herbs are beautiful as well as useful.

I became involved with herbs when I

found that unlike most cultivated flowers, they prospered in the cold, damp Maritime climate. As the line between flowers and herbs blurred, the more I realized the satisfactions of creating a herb garden. So, with plants from my own garden and others, I started the herb garden at the Highland Village the spring before last.

I also became interested in the history of the plants I acquired from neighbors. I collected these — a mere slip, seeds, sometimes a generous clump or two. Often they were difficult to identify, since their local names were also the common names of other plants, or the species was no longer in cultivation.

Such was the case with one of my “discoveries.” I was given a clump of what my neighbor called London pride, which I thought I knew as a rare saxifrage. Friends congratulated me on my acquisition. But as the clumps grew they looked suspiciously like sweet william. And as the buds opened I discovered I was growing a flower that blooms wild all over Cape Breton — *Lychnis flos-cuculi* officially, also known as ragged robin and cuckoo flower, references to the bird shape of the pink petals. Garden escapees, they bloom in August in great drifts on neglected byways and around abandoned buildings. Not much to look at individually, when seen in a mass their visual effect is dramatic, as is their heavenly scent.

Flos-cuculi's sister species, *Lychnis chalcidonica*, or Jerusalem cross, is still popular. It bears bright red flowers but



Budding pearly everlasting over toadflax (butter and eggs) and bedstraw

lacks the fragrance of its unruly relative. My neighbor traces the origin of hers to a sea captain who brought it back from England and planted it in what is now her garden at the shores of Bras d'Or Lake. Its herbal use can be traced to the gardens of Shakespeare's time when the flowers

were distilled for perfume.

When I designed the garden for the Highland Village, I naturally included plants from my own garden whose history connects them in some way with Scottish life. Most of these were grown as ornamentals in turn-of-the-century gardens. Neighbors would often remark on one or another plant they remembered from their childhood — plants like yellow loosestrife, once associated with calming oxen (lose strife) and repelling flies; sedum, whose thick leaves they used to rub and make into whistles; the musk mallow, with finely cut leaves and pale pink or white flowers, a common field weed and much cherished locally as a truly Scottish plant, perhaps brought here inadvertently during the forced migration of the Highland Scots to Cape Breton.

The garden at the village seemed to spring to life of its own accord, as if it had always grown there. A rough spading of the soil was the only preparation, not deep enough to disturb the weeds. I hoped that the weeds would be welcome additions to the garden. A weed, as the old definition goes, is merely a plant growing where it is not wanted. Here the weeds would be transformed into herbs.

I was rewarded with plume goldenrod, pussytoes (or pearly everlasting), fleabane, yarrow and toadflax — all aliens except for pussytoes and goldenrod, and all respected herbs at one point in their history. Goldenrod was a valued dye plant for the Scottish settlers, a variety of shades of yellow being produced by the flower heads in different stages of maturity. The pussytoes were also used for dye (beige) and in their mature stage for pillow stuffing, somewhat like bedstraw.

A light dressing of rotted manure after planting and a mid-season mulch of rotted bark was the only enrichment necessary for these humble but often beautiful plants which reward visitors with a remarkable succession of blooms.

There are many other plants which deserve a special place at Hector's Point among the butter churns and blacksmith tools and other artifacts of country life. These are the plants, all old varieties, which are still grown in the countryside in Scottish gardens, or which grow wild as garden escapees.

I have seen them . . . the purple and white columbines, the palest pink-flowered sweetly scented shrub roses, the tall and dark pink hollyhocks, the lovely lupins, white, pink, mauve and purple which grow in great drifts along the roadside, and foxglove which I am told grows wild on a mountain where once a settlement of Highland Scots lived and farmed.

All of these, and the hardy plants in the Highland Village herb garden, the first to be planted in this soil in over 60 years, remind us of the hardy settlers and how their plants are our common heritage.

Jo Ann Gardner is an amateur herbalist living at Orangedale, N.S. She has written extensively on herbs for journals throughout North America.

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By duMAURIER

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Adventures with cranberries

There's more to cranberries than cranberry sauce. First you have to grow them — which is what Cecil Chase and Don Bezanson do. Then there's cranberry pear pie, cranberry mushroom stuffing, and so on

by Valerie Mansour

Think cranberry and you think cranberry sauce, right? But what about cranberry stuffing, cranberry pear pie, cranberry drinks and cranberry squash? Not to mention cranberry mince-meat spareribs, cranberry jelly and cranberry chocolate candy.

Yes, cranberries have arrived. And that, of course, pleases cranberry growers like Cecil Chase in Aylesford, N.S. Chase's cranberry bogs have a distinguished history. He owns the land at Melvern Square in the Annapolis Valley where, in 1870, William MacNeill began the first commercial cranberry bog in North America. That particular bog has nothing growing in it these days, but the neighboring ones have proven to be big business for Chase and his partner, Don Bezanson.

Bezanson and Chase Cranberry Company, begun in 1969, is the biggest cranberry operation in the province. But it took a lot of time and money for it to get that way. "The cranberry business is hard work" says Chase. "It's not as simple as people might think. They figure there's some old swamp and you pick them when you're ready and that's it. There's much more to it than that."

Bezanson and Chase worked the land for the entire first summer, planted the vines the following spring and then waited over four years for their first crop. Fertilize, spray, irrigate — it's all part of their year-round operation. In the winter they plow their land and then leave it to be covered with a solid sheet of ice. "We let the water out from under it for breathing room" explains Chase. "It's quite a complex procedure." They keep a close eye on the vines during the spring and summer until the cranberries are ready to be harvested in the fall. Cranberries, a native North American fruit, thrive in cool, moist conditions so Nova Scotia has ideal growing conditions.

In mid-September they flood the bog and an automatic picker combs off the berries. Then for almost five weeks, an

acre a day is harvested until all 30 acres are cleared of ripe berries. Bezanson and Chase hire about 25 local people to harvest, sort and pack the berries. This season the company will probably process about 400,000 pounds of berries.

Bezanson and Chase sell mostly to wholesalers in the Maritimes, although some berries are sold in Quebec and Ontario. The Ocean Spray Company of Massachusetts has a virtual monopoly on cranberries in the United States and controls much of the marketing of Quebec and British Columbia berries, but the handful of Nova Scotia growers are independent.

The cranberry business is brisk and with people getting a bit more adventurous in their cranberry recipes, the demand is there for Chase and Bezanson to go into the business in a big way.

Cranberries are available fresh in the Atlantic region from mid-September through December for the holiday cooking associated with Thanksgiving and Christmas. But they freeze well and can be enjoyed year-long. A small hoard in the freezer isn't a bad idea, because once the supply of fresh berries is gone from the stores, it's canned and jellied sauce and a long wait until the next harvest.

Cranberries need not be pre-washed before freezing and a double wrap of plastic is recommended to keep them in good condition for up to nine months. Frozen berries should be added unthawed when recipes call for their tangy taste. Health and diet conscious cranberry fans will be happy to know that they contain only 25 calories per 1/2 cup, have over 10 per cent of the daily suggested allowance of vitamin C and are low in sodium.

Cranberry Mushroom Stuffing

1 tsp. barley malt
2 cups water
2 tbsp. honey
1 1/2 cups fresh cranberries
1 large onion, diced
1 tbsp. butter



1/2 cup fresh chopped sage or 1 tsp. dried sage
1 stick celery, diced
2 lbs. small mushrooms, quartered
1 egg, beaten
1/2 cup non-fat skim milk
1/2 loaf whole wheat bread, cut into cubes and dried for croutons
1/2 cup pecans or walnuts, coarsely chopped

Combine barley malt, water and honey. Add cranberries and let stand 2 hours.

In large skillet sauté the diced onion in butter until tender. Add sage and celery. Remove from heat and add mushrooms. Toss and set aside to cool.

Mix egg and milk together. Strain and

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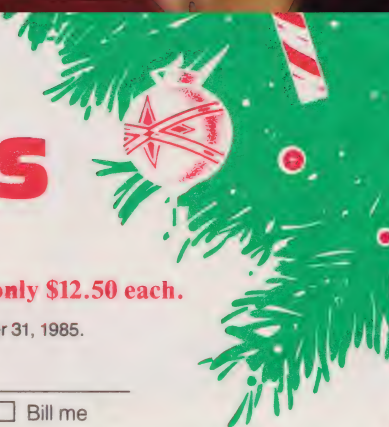
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Adventures with cranberries



Seasonal produce is a staple of the winter holiday season. This year, however, you'll find a new star of the season in the produce aisle: the cranberry. These small, tart berries are a versatile ingredient that can be used in a variety of ways.

The cranberry is a member of the Vaccinium family, which also includes blueberries and raspberries. It is a small, round berry that is typically red when ripe. The cranberry is native to North America and has been cultivated for centuries.

There are many different varieties of cranberries, each with its own unique flavor and texture. Some are sweet and juicy, while others are more tart and firm. The most common variety is the "Bosch" cranberry, which is known for its large size and sweet flavor.

Cranberries are a healthy addition to your diet. They are high in fiber and contain antioxidants that can help protect against heart disease and cancer. They are also a good source of vitamin C and potassium.

There are many different ways to enjoy cranberries. You can eat them raw, add them to salads, or use them in cooking. They are a versatile ingredient that can be used in a variety of ways.

One of the most popular ways to enjoy cranberries is in a cranberry sauce. This sauce is typically made with cranberries, sugar, and water. It is a delicious and healthy addition to your holiday meal.

Cranberries are also a great addition to your diet. They are high in fiber and contain antioxidants that can help protect against heart disease and cancer. They are also a good source of vitamin C and potassium.

Another popular way to enjoy cranberries is in a cranberry relish. This relish is typically made with cranberries, sugar, and vinegar. It is a delicious and healthy addition to your holiday meal.

Cranberries are also a great addition to your diet. They are high in fiber and contain antioxidants that can help protect against heart disease and cancer. They are also a good source of vitamin C and potassium.

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discard liquid from cranberries.

Toss croutons with onion-mushroom mixture in large bowl. Add cranberries and pecans; toss again. Add milk-egg mixture and toss 30 seconds. Stuff turkey and bake as directed.

Baked Cranberry Acorn Squash

4 small acorn squash
1 cup chopped unpared apple
1 cup fresh or frozen cranberries, chopped
1/2 tsp. grated orange peel
1/2 cup brown sugar
2 tbsp. butter or margarine, melted

Cut squash in half lengthwise; remove seeds. Place cut side down in 13×9×2-inch baking dish. Bake in 350° oven for 35 minutes. Turn cut side up. Combine

remaining ingredients; fill squash with fruit mixture. Continue baking for 25 minutes or till squash is tender.

Cranberry Pear Pie

3 cups (3/4 pound) fresh cranberries
1 cup water
1 1/2 cups sugar
1/4 cup cornstarch
1/4 tsp. ground cinnamon
2 cups pared sliced fresh pears (3 pears)
Pastry for 2-crust 9-inch pie

In saucepan, combine cranberries and water. Bring to boil; simmer 3 minutes. Mix sugar, cornstarch, and cinnamon. Add to hot cranberries; cook quickly, stirring constantly, till mixture thickens and bubbles. Remove from heat. Gently stir

in pears. Turn into pastry-lined 9-inch pie plate. Add lattice top; seal; crimp. Bake in 400° oven for 35 to 40 minutes.

Snow Blower Drink

6 ounces Cranberry Apple Drink
1 tsp. lemon juice
pinch of cloves or nutmeg
1 oz. rum, optional
1 slice lemon

In a saucepan, heat cranberry apple drink, lemon juice, and spice just to boiling. Pour into an 8 ounce mug, stir in rum. Garnish with lemon slice. Makes one serving.

Recipes courtesy of Ocean Spray Inc., Plymouth, Mass.



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The master of Gothic

He revives lost Gothic romances, he has written some 200 books himself, he advises Hollywood on Gothic films: meet the amazing Professor Drevendra P. Varma of Dalhousie University

by Mark J. Alberstat

He has been called "the world's leading gothicist" and "the Columbus of Gothland." His name has been linked with Coleridge, Walter Scott and William Hazlitt in resuscitating lost Gothic romances. He explores realms most people would shudder to think of, and has travelled to and lived in countries most of us only dream about. He is Dr. Drevendra P. Varma.

Varma's field of expertise is the Gothic novel, the literary art form which had its heyday between 1760 and 1820. This falls in the dimly lit period between the works of mid-18th century novelists like Fielding and Richardson and the 19th century works of Scott and Jane Austen.

Gothic novels are mysteries, often involving the supernatural and heavily tinged with horror. They're usually set against dark backgrounds of medieval ruins and haunted castles. As Horace Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto* was the forerunner of the type, Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* is its quintessence. Varma hails from north-eastern India, along the Himalayan border. "Beautiful are the mountains whence I come and bright is the beautiful valley, the streams," is the way he puts it. He has been a professor of English in Katmandu (Nepal), and has taught at the University of Damascus in Syria and in Cairo. For the past 22 years, however, he has taught English at Dalhousie University in Halifax. His course on the Gothic novel has attracted a wide circle of devoted students. He says the pleasures of his "adventures in research" are doubled when shared with others. The course at Dalhousie on Gothic romances is the only one in Canada. Two American universities offer a full course on Gothic romances.

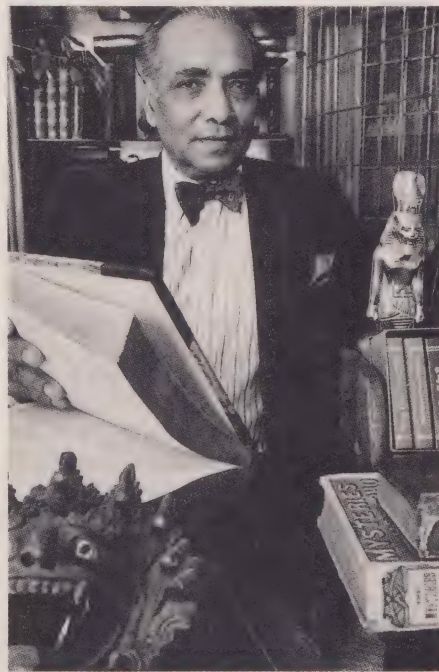
In 1977 Varma won the Queen's Silver Jubilee Medal, awarded that year in Britain, for his contribution to education and the arts. Herbert Read, the celebrated British critic, wrote that "Dr. Varma has made a permanent contribution to the history of English literature."

After living in many parts of the world, Varma has happily settled in Halifax. "Like Cairo," Varma says, "Halifax for me is the centre of the world. My materials are mostly in Britain and on the eastern seaboard of the United States."

"From here," he adds, "I can dart off in any direction. I find the Maritimes a very peaceful part of the world after liv-

ing in the explosive Middle East. The Maritimes is also the country of Bluenose ghosts, magic, and the supernatural, which makes it more attractive."

Varma has a remarkable "nose" for materials and great persistence in following them up.



Varma: a service to literature

He hunted up and brought out in a handsome set all the "seven horrid novels" referred to by Jane Austen in *Northanger Abbey*. He continued in Halifax with the Arno Series of rare Gothics. He has published *The Complete Works of Sheridan Le Fanu*, "a forgotten creator of ghosts," in 52 volumes, and another 36 volumes of *Gothic Dissertations*.

One of the prides of his tenacity was the resurrection of the first ever Gothic collection, owned by an Austrian prince in his castle on the Danube. A complete account of this was published in *The Illustrated London News* (Christmas 1983).

In all, Varma has published some 217 volumes of rare Gothics. He describes his work as literary archaeology. "It is like assembling a broken urn, piece by piece. Those books that have vanished I have brought them back to the reading public."

Varma is also the author of *The Evergreen Tree of Diabolical Knowledge* (1972), a study of the circulating libraries and reading vogues of the period associated with the Gothic tales.

Varma's research interests are concentrated on exploring the landscape of the regions depicted in the Gothic romances and comparing them to their fictional locations. He goes deeply into current lores and sagas. He has been to Castle Frankenstein as well as Castle Dracula to explore the folklorish aspects of the novels.

Varma is also famed as a world expert on the vampire myth and has researched its legend and history. One of the extremes of Gothic culminated in the publication of *Dracula* written in 1897 by Bram Stoker.

Out of antiquity comes the vampire legend, "a legend," says Varma, "which has been horribly manifest throughout history, right up to the present day. The nearer it gets, the more real it becomes, and there are many today who doubt that it is a legend at all."

Varma himself believes in vampires. In his lengthy introduction to the unique three-volume edition of *Varney the Vampire*, he discusses the vampire legend and lore. His fascinating account of his 1973 visit to Castle Dracula in Transylvania and his investigation into the genesis of Bram Stoker's masterpiece are contained in *Vampire's Bed-Side Companion* (1976).

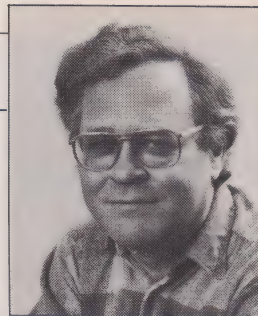
Robert Bloch, the author of *Psycho*, complimented Varma on his expedition to Castle Dracula saying, "How wonderful to learn of your Transylvanian trip. A friend of mine, Alan Dodd, made a pilgrimage about a year or so ago, and sent me a packet of grave-earth for sentiment sake, I suppose. He too commented on the omnipresent mist of evening, and the sense of being under surveillance by the eyes of an unseen presence."

"We know why the grave is empty, don't we?"

The expedition was charted in consultation with Varma's friend, movie director Christopher Lee. Other Hollywood directors of horror films like Curtis Harrington, Frank Cunningham, Walter Dougherty and Forrest Ackerman also keep in close touch.

Varma makes a couple of trips to California every year to address gatherings of scholars of terror romance, and horror buffs. Vincent Price, the dean of horror actors, once wrote "You have done a great service to all lovers of the Gothic novel. I look to you as the foremost authority on the subject and hope someday I may have the privilege of working with you on a film or one of the many subjects you have rediscovered." Never at a loss for work, Varma is currently investigating the life of Tita, Byron's gondolier, who was also one of Shelley's servants. In addition, he is researching the origins of Heathcliffe, the protagonist in Emily Bronte's *Wuthering Heights*, composing his monumental *The Gothic Galaxy*, a study of the minor Gothic novelists.

He says this will be his last book. But after writing over 200, this seems as hard to believe as the plot of a Gothic novel. ☒



Perfecting an Island cliché

On a warm fall morning in Charlottetown, what could be more satisfying than to watch harness horses warming up and silver foxes being judged? Not very much

While travelling, you sometimes walk right into a satisfying cliché. Everything is just as it's supposed to be. The house with the thatched roof in the rose-rife English village is straight out of a jigsaw puzzle. The mist swirling round the spooky walls of Edinburgh Castle is exactly right. The steel band on the Caribbean beach is precisely what you have come all this way to hear, and the roar of Hong Kong proves everything you've ever read about the city's legendary hustle. I once enjoyed this fine experience of confirmation in Charlottetown . . .

It is a cloudy morning in late November, but sunlight lingers in the fresh, damp, moving air. The grass is unseasonably green. The morning is unseasonably warm. I reach the Charlottetown Driving Park at 9:45 a.m. Beyond the racetrack sit such venerable Island institutions as Island Fertilizers Ltd., and Agro Co-op. Nine horses, pulling sulkies, nip around the track. They're getting their morning trot, their constitutional. The ones on the inside run clockwise, the ones on the outside counterclockwise, and they're all pretty, sprightly, head-tossing beasts.

Clip, clop. Snort, snort.

The drivers are mostly middle-aged men, but they look as smug as boys who've just learned their school has closed for repairs. I pour a cup of steaming coffee from my thermos, light up a Rothman's, sit in the stands by myself, and watch this quintessentially Island scene for a full half-hour. Then I wander into the adjacent coliseum to snoop on the P.E.I. Fur Breeders' Association Fox and Mink Show. The building is bare, functional, cavernous. Exposed trusses support the roof. The stands are as unfriendly to the bum as the pews in a 19th century Presbyterian church, and it's darker and colder in here than it is outside, where the trotters are still trotting.

The cages of 400 silver foxes sit on the sawdust-covered earth of the central oval, and I can hear the wildness of the creatures in the rattling of their doors and the bashing of water cans. A faint doggy smell fills the whole place, but only a dog-hater would find it unpleasant. Before the cages, signs proudly identify competitors: "Thompson View Fur Farms, Where Silver is Gold since 1930" . . . "Cabot Trail Ranch, The Home of Champion Quality Mink and Fox, est. 1937" . . .

"Lockcroft Fur Farm, A family enterprise since 1913" . . . "Willis Fur Farms, O'Leary, P.E.I., It's Quality That Counts" . . . "Covehead Fur Farm, Top Quality Registered Silvers and Pearls." And so on.

The judging occurs at a long, white table, under a string of lights. Makeshift cardboard shades direct harsh light on the animals, and when someone grumbles that an entire tableful of foxes look off-color, a man from the Hudson's Bay Company says, "Naw, it's just the lousy cardboard!" He should know. His employer has been in the fur business a mere 370 years, since Charles II was king of England and John Milton wrote *Paradise Regained*.

*There's a faint
doggy smell
about the place
but the foxes
are beautiful
with their
'sooky-baby
look'*

Under the lousy cardboard, two handlers hold each fox. One grasps the rear ankles while the other, facing him cross the table, holds the front paws. The foxes are beautiful. Describing the eyes of her Alsatian, an Island woman I know says they have that "sooky-baby look." These foxes have that look too. The handlers wear white smocks, like hospital orderlies or lab technicians. They sport the names of their farms on their backs, and some also declare their affiliation on baseball-style caps. They are cheerful but serious. There's little talk during the judging. Twenty-six foxes, all on their tummies, lie side by side on the table, and that

means two rows of 26 murmuring handlers, elbow-to-elbow.

Each fox wears a spring-loaded muzzle that looks like an iron butterfly, and each ankle-holder constantly strokes the fur from the head down to the tail. Some handlers use whisks, and some combs. One woman gives her fox a gentle going-over with a comb that's pink and plastic, and since everyone says foxes are clean animals, I wonder if she uses the same comb on her own hair. Probably not. Foxes aren't *always* clean.

"They do get dusty and dirty," a chatty fox farmer confides, "and if there's more than one in a pen they wet over each other." To clean the fur, invigorate it, bring out its sheen, and generally see that it's up to par, some farmers wipe their foxes with rubbing alcohol, then whisk air into the fur, and finally smooth it back down. They also dampen hardwood sawdust or corncob meal, work it into the fur, and then brush the fox to remove the wet powder. Using more sawdust or meal, this time dry, they repeat the whole process. "It takes the dirt and grime out," my garrulous informant concludes, sounding like a commercial for Mr. Clean.

The 26 ankle-holders keep on stroking, combing and brushing while the judge, in his own smock and cap, walks up and down behind them. He is Serge Plante, head grader for the Hudson's Bay Company, a fellow of about 30, with a neat, dark mustache. He's not unpleasant, but he has a busy, no-nonsense manner. He judges from behind the foxes, running his hands up each one's body, pushing against the grain and towards the head. Then he smooths the fur down again. Every once in a while, he asks a pair of handlers to pick up their fox and carry it to the left end of the table. They do so happily because this is where he assembles the top foxes for his final decision.

Foxes and horses. Horses and foxes. In one morning, at one place, I've found them both. Could anyone soak himself in the Island's culture more easily than that? I'd soak myself further by watching *Anne of Green Gables* tonight but, alas, it isn't playing in November. But after darkness has fallen and winter has confiscated the air, I join a gang of fox men at a motel-room party. They include two guys from the Hudson's Bay Company, and half a dozen fox farmers, both young and grizzled. We drink rum and Coke. They jar, jaw, yarn and yammer, and long into the night I listen to them talk about foxes, foxes, nothing but foxes. ☒

Whatever happened to Minard's Liniment?

It's been 25 years since Yarmouth's "king of pain" was taken over by central Canadians and later moved to Weston, Ont. The product's still on the shelves but the magic is gone and the memory rankles

by Belle Hatfield

Remember the round, white-labelled bottle of Minard's Liniment? Once touted as a cure-all for everything from arthritis to bronchitis, the evil-smelling elixir is still available on drugstore and supermarket shelves across the country. But the magic, the mystique that brought claims of cures flooding into the company's head office in Yarmouth, N.S. for over 50 years — that's gone. Minard's is once again what it started out to be: a remedy for minor aches and pains.

Ask people in Yarmouth about their liniment and it doesn't take long to hear them comment that the formula has been changed since Minard's went down the road to Ontario. Minard's Liniment, the "king of pain" that used to be "good for man or beast," they say, has been watered down. Twenty-five years later, it still rankles, the power struggle that culminated in Yarmouth-based interests losing their fight against Ontario stockholders for control of the company. It was a battle that resulted in Minard's going the way of many other Maritime businesses that were taken over by central Canadian interests.

Yarmouth native John McDevitt hears the comments about quality but he disagrees. "Minard's Liniment is still made to the original formula," he says, "nothing's changed but the wooden vats we used to mix it in." He should know. It was McDevitt who last manufactured the liniment in Yarmouth and his are still the hands that mix the ingredients in the Weston, Ont. plant where Minard's is

made today.

Back in the 1860s when Levi Minard discovered an effective remedy for the aches and pains of patients in his Hants County, N.S. medical practice, little did he realize just how popular his secret formula would become. The liniment was not unlike several others available in Nova Scotia at the time. What eventually set it apart was an advertising strategy that proved to be years ahead of its time.

Minard handed over production of his liniment to his son-in-law in 1886. After changing hands several times, two Yarmouth men took over production with assistance from a young man named Max Aitken. They and the future Lord Beaverbrook developed an advertising and publicity campaign that was to be used by the newly formed Minard's Liniment Company for years to come.

It was simple: make Minard's synony-

mous with the relief of pain. By 1916 advertisements for Minard's Liniment were appearing regularly in over 800 periodicals and newspapers across the country. Every country fair had billboards promoting Minard's. Not only did it claim to cure human conditions like boils, diphtheria and rheumatism, it was also touted as a cure for livestock ailments.

Ironically, the very strategies that made Minard's a staple on medicine shelves across the country, also opened a door through which Minard's would eventually be yanked from its Maritime roots.

With sales reaching into Quebec, Ontario and beyond, Minard's found an agent in Toronto, Harold Ritchie. In exchange for acting as the company's distributor, Ritchie got a third of the company's shares. It was those shares that Beecham Canada Ltd. acquired in the late 50s when they bought the Harold F. Ritchie Company. Beecham discovered that Minard's paid the cost of shipping all its raw ingredients — boxes, bottles, everything — from central Canada and then paid again to ship the finished product back again. The Yarmouth company actually bragged about its pricing policy which allowed the liniment to be sold on store shelves in British Columbia for the same price it did in Yarmouth.

From a business point of view it just didn't make sense. Beecham began buying up stock. Most of the Yarmouth stockholders were no match for the pressure tactics employed by big business. In June 1960 Beecham gained control.

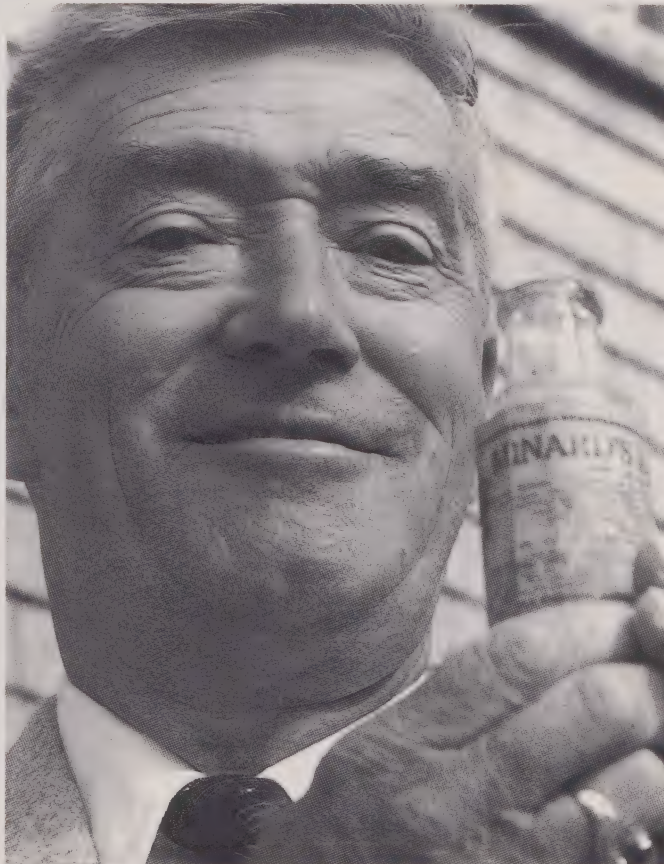
McDevitt remembers well the time leading up to the transfer. Controversy raged. "No one wanted to see Minard's leave," he says. "After all, Minard's was an institution." The takeover made the floor of the provincial legislature.

When the doors closed on Minard's Yarmouth plant in 1967, it marked the end of an era. Yarmouth was no longer home of the "king of pain." It was no longer McDevitt's home either. He went with Beecham to Ontario. "It was a hard decision. But making Minard's was the only thing I'd ever done."

Although it's been almost 20 years many Yarmouth families still think of Minard's as their liniment. Almost everyone has a Minard's story. One tells of working as a reporter in the Yarmouth Herald building just up the street from the plant. "The smell was so strong," Al Meuse remembers, "no one who worked in that building ever caught a cold."

McDevitt has reason to remember the Herald building too. A chute connecting the two buildings brought bundles of printed testimonials ready to be inserted in the packaged product. Every bottle of the liniment included a testimonial which McDevitt says actually came from users themselves.

Secrecy surrounded the manufacture of the liniment. No one had access to the



McDevitt: the bottle has changed but the product is the same

BELLE HATFIELD

FLASHBACK

procedure but the person who made it. It was handed down from one manufacturer to the next and McDevitt says even the directors weren't in on the secret. But even the best kept secrets have a way of leaking out.

One Yarmouth family has what they claim is the original formula. Handed down through three generations, the handwritten recipe is for something called Ferguson's Liniment. It's now in the hands of 75-year-old Clifford Hood whose great-uncle originally gave the recipe and rights to produce it to Hood's father back in 1924. Hood says his great uncle worked for Levi Minard, producing the liniment in Hantsport. When the doctor sold his formula Ferguson began bottling a liniment under his name. Before he died he returned to Yarmouth and passed the formula to his nephew.

The family has always wondered whether theirs was the original formula, and this year their curiosity was finally satisfied. "This is as close to the original formula as you're going to get," McDevitt acknowledges when shown the dog-eared recipe. But knowing the formula and making the liniment are two different things, he says.

McDevitt recently returned to the plant in Weston to start production of Minard's Liniment once again. Over the next months, the new batch of the lini-

ment will be bottled before the machines are retooled to mix one of the many other products Beecham manufactures.

Minard's is a very small part of a multi-million dollar business today. Does it still sell? "You better believe it," McDevitt says. Pharmacists in Yarmouth agree. "Minard's is always number one," says pharmacist Jim MacLeod. "People ask for it if it's not on the shelves."

McDevitt says sales jumped dramatically when production moved to Ontario and have steadily increased since. He says current sales make the 700,000 bottles sold in 1916 look like a drop in the bucket. "Beecham is a big business. If something doesn't make money, it doesn't survive."

Minard's major markets are still the same: Quebec and Atlantic Canada, but Beecham also distributes it to the United States.

Though McDevitt says the liniment shares a respectable percentage of the market rarely can an advertisement for Minard's be found; not on television, not on radio, not in magazines. Why? McDevitt laughs at the question. "They don't throw away money where it isn't needed. Once used, always used. That's the slogan, and that's the truth. The product sells itself."

Maybe, but while people in Yarmouth still use Minard's they don't want to have it rubbed in. ☒

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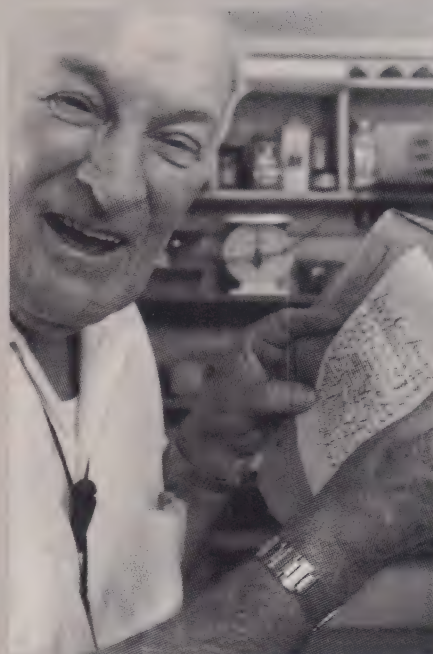
Turpentine and ammonia — the Minard's recipe at last!

At last the story can be told! For a century the ingredients making up the powerful potion known as Minard's Liniment have remained squirreled away in the heads of a privileged few. But now, through diligent investigative reporting, *Atlantic Insight* has cracked the medical equivalent of the runic stone. The secret is out. We can now understand why pain, like the devil fleeing holy water, vanishes at contact with Minard's.

Here it is. The original formula for Minard's Liniment:

12 oz. gum of camphor
12 oz. salt of ammonia
12 oz. liquid ammonia
9 oz. best castile soap
7 oz. spirit of turpentine
3 qts. water

Boil two quarts, and put one quart on the soap, and one quart on the salt of ammonia. After they dissolve, put one pint of cold water on each mixture; then put the turpentine on the camphor and dissolve with heat. Then add all together with the liquid of ammonia.



Clifford Hood with the real McCoy

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Burnaby
Kelowna
Nanaimo
Richmond
Prince George
Vancouver (4)
Victoria

ALBERTA

Calgary (2)
Edmonton (3)
Lethbridge
Medicine Hat
Red Deer

SASKATCHEWAN

Regina
Saskatoon

MANITOBA

Brandon
Winnipeg

ONTARIO

Barrie
Belleville
Brampton
Brantford
Burlington
Cornwall
Don Mills
Downsview
Etobicoke
Guelph
Hamilton
London
Mississauga (2)
North Bay
Oakville

Oshawa
Ottawa
Peterborough
Sault Ste. Marie
St. Catharines
Sarnia
Scarborough
Sudbury
Thunder Bay
Toronto (3)
Waterloo
Windsor

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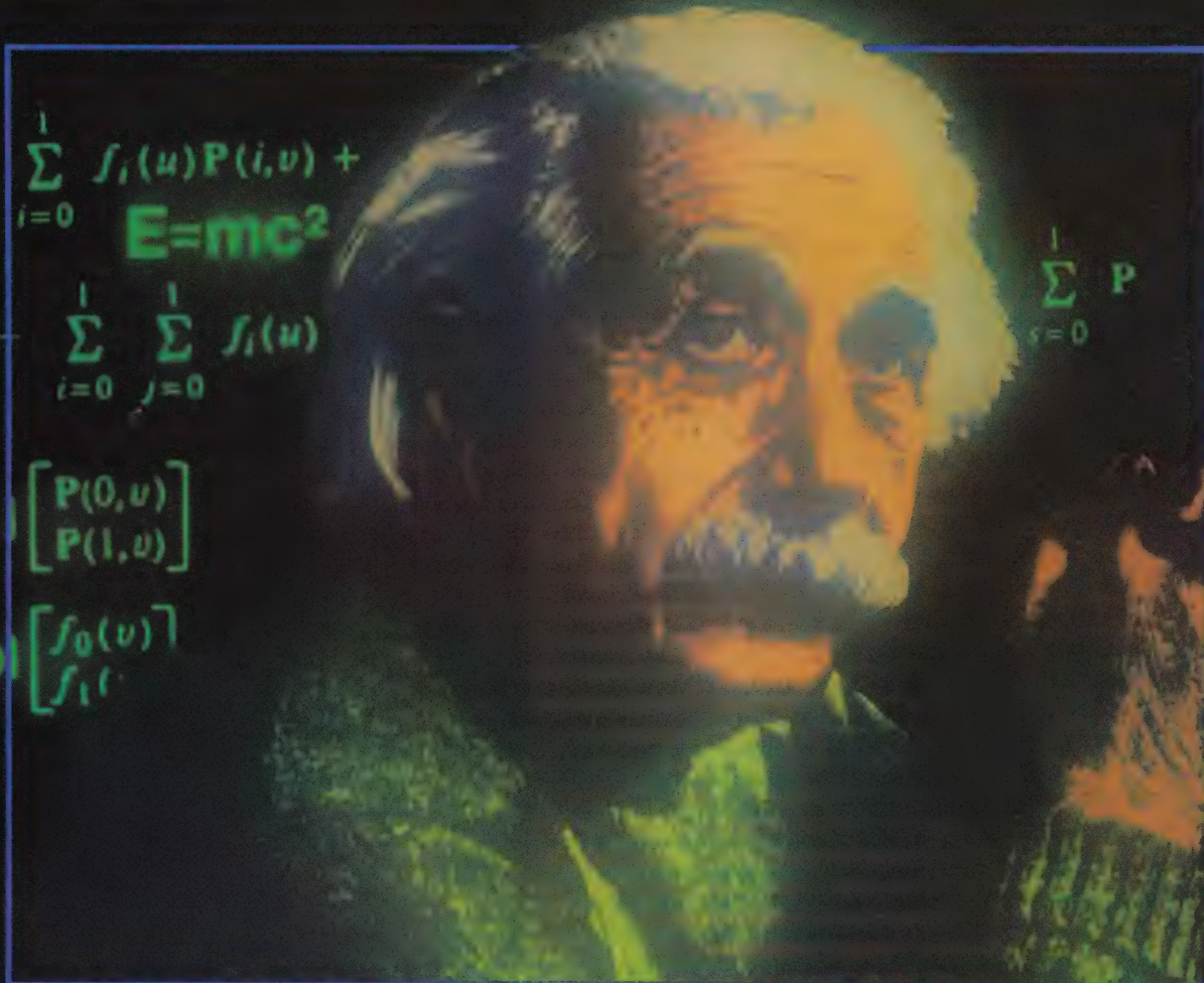
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FOLKS

Sweeping chimneys is no jesting matter for Vincent

What is a Kentucky-born lad doing dressed up in a top hat and tails, sweeping chimneys in Eastern Canada? **Darvel Vincent**, who now lives in Sackville, N.B. owns Jester Sweeps, a six-year-old chimney sweeping operation comprising three full-time sweeps and a part-time secretary. It's been a long and checkered journey for Vincent, 35. Born in Glasgow, Kentucky, he grew up in Anderson, Indiana where his father worked in a factory for General Motors. First he went into a business course, then changed to forestry at Ballstate University. He doesn't have a degree up on his wall but his fund of general knowledge is impressive. Musical instruments, antiques and coins are just a small part of his expertise. Chimney sweeping isn't the first business Vincent has had on the go. He's been self-employed since high school, when he earned money by fixing lawn mowers. Since then his work history reads like a career directory. He's worked in the woods, done masonry, been a carpenter, worked in a mason jar cannery, tried his hand at plastering, and even made doughnuts. Vincent knows his job has its hazards: he fell from a 25-foot roof, injuring his back and putting him in hospital. Today he's back on the job. At first Vincent's unusual black van, his

hat and suit, and big black brushes got a lot of stares. But it seems that people in the Amherst-Sackville-Moncton area are gradually getting used to Darvel and his Jester Sweeps.

Bill Henson of Fancy Lake near Bridgewater, N.S. brings new life to old books. Henson, retired after a 42-year career with the Toronto firm of Hunter Rose, still practises his craft in a crowded basement room. For five years after he first settled in Lunenburg County, his hand tools and book binding equipment lay gathering dust. Finally he could stand to see his gear remain idle no longer. So his heated glue pot and gold embossing machine are back at work on a limited scale. "I don't really want to do it for a profit but I want to keep busy," he says. Although Henson isn't handling a great volume of business, the leather volumes he handles are handled with care. Early on in his career he discovered that "book binding wasn't just a job but an art." Henson likes a challenge — imprinting gold titles and monograms, restoring old books and Bibles and applying newly tooled covers to treasured old books. "I learned a lot working with the old fellows from England who were masters at it." One of the big challenges of his career came in Toronto when he was asked to put new covers on 2,000 miniature Bibles for the Russian Orthodox Church. They were to be smuggled into the Soviet Union in coat linings. "At the time, the government wasn't as tolerant of religious freedom as they are today," he says. Right now, Henson is rebinding a set of old books for his grandson. Although he's not interested in a full-scale business, he believes there's enough work in the area in his trade for a craftsman to "survive and prosper." With nearly a lifetime of experience in the book binding trade, Henson is quick to point out that a book worm isn't just a person who reads a lot of books. "See here, just look at this little hole. The worm ate right through this book."

A lot of people are appalled by the idea of a blind man walking around with a big pistol in his hand," says 21-year-old **Robby Peters** of Charlottetown. Peters is blind and often walks around with a big pistol. A computer programmer with the Department of Veterans Affairs, he has been interested in guns ever since he was small. He took up shooting seriously last year and joined Charlottetown's Omega Gun Club. Once a week he and his sighted friend, Wayne MacDonald, spend an hour or so at one of the local ranges. "I had my doubts at first," confides MacDonald, a long-time member of the gun club. "But now we don't think of him as being disabled. If he wants to shoot . . . well, that's what we're here for, and we help him in every way we can." One of the ways in which MacDonald helps is by looking over Peters' shoulder and telling him when he's aimed squarely



SHYMAI MITRA



JIM CUNNETT

Peters: "a darned good shot"

at the bull's-eye. Wayne gives the word and Robby pulls the trigger. Incredibly, he hits the target almost every time. Peters grins when asked what enjoyment he gets from shooting at something he can't even see. "I go down to the target . . . I can tell it's pretty well full of holes, believe me. But really it's the shooting I enjoy . . . If I hit the target well, that's icing on the cake." Icing or no, Peters is a darned good shot. "I'd rate him above average," says MacDonald. "If he keeps at it seriously, I think he could become one of the best shots on the Island."

Around town everyone knows him as the "Croissant Man". Bright and early every Saturday morning Lane MacIntosh is at his stand at the Fredericton farmers market selling his buttery creations. He relishes the job. The stocky, bearded 31-year-old hustles to serve customers, greets them by name, and takes the time for a friendly grin for everyone who lines up to buy his croissants. After being laid off at a sawmill in British Columbia three years ago, MacIntosh returned to his native New Brunswick with few job prospects, and less money. A bread baking course turned his losing streak around. He discovered the key to making the perfect croissant. He baked up dozens of croissants and took them to the Fredericton market. Now croissants have become his career. MacIntosh bakes 140 dozen of them every week, with the help of several employees. "It's a dream come true," MacIntosh has a habit of saying. But there isn't much time for dreaming on Fridays. MacIntosh bakes until the wee hours of the morning, and hits the deck at 4 a.m. to bag the cooled croissants. There was a time when late-rising customers were disappointed because the croissants were snapped up well before noon. But this summer Mac-

Intosh left his farm house in the country, and moved to downtown Fredericton. He has opened his own café. Featured, of course, is the famous MacIntosh croissant.

Dorothy Inglis, 59, has never been afraid of controversy, but when the St. John's community activist shouldered the responsibility for a provincial anti-pornography campaign for the National Action Committee for the Status of Women she knew she was in for more than the usual round of abuse. "The difficulty with the subject of pornography is that you know you're setting yourself up to be misunderstood." First off the mark in the misunderstanding department was the St. John's *Evening Telegram*, which, in a scathing editorial, attacked, "Inglis and her pals," and "Inglis and her gang" 12 times by name for depriving Newfoundlanders of the right to read a particularly violent issue of *Penthouse*. A deluge of pro-Inglis and pro-campaign letters eventually forced the newspaper to back down. Inglis credits her National Action Committee campaign for eventually convincing provincial MLAs to bring in tough new legislation allowing municipal councils to determine for themselves what kind of sexual material they want in their store windows. "I'm pleased with what has happened," says Inglis. "I think pornography is a lie and that we were all pretending it was true. Because it's all around us, and it's seen over and over, it has never been challenged." Of the reaction to her campaign, she says: "You could say we struck a chord."

From the neck up, diminutive, silver-haired Ken Clark, 49, of Middle Musquodoboit, N.S., still looks like a banker. Below tie-level, most days, he looks like

a tradesman in plaid shirt, overalls and work boots, which is what he is. After two decades of climbing the Bank of Nova Scotia's corporate ladder to operations manager of Scotiabank's London, England branch, Clark tossed that career into the garbage can. "I got tired of working for somebody else, working inside, doing everything by the book, with rules for absolutely everything. The higher up you go in big business, the more backstabbing and pettiness you have to put up with. There's always somebody watching for that one mistake that maybe they can ride in on." Clark quit the bank in 1975, took three months to tramp through places as exotic as the Fiji Islands, Singapore and Greece, then came back to settle in his native Musquodoboit Valley. "I did construction work for three years, got the feel of machines and knew that there are very few things you can do in the country to make a living if you're not a farmer. Garbage collection was one possibility." He started Middle Musquodoboit's first refuse pickup service with a second-hand gravel truck, charging 50 cents a bag to haul to the village dump. "Now it's become a municipal responsibility and I've been doing it here long enough that I got the contract." He has a small bulldozer, a loader and two trucks. He does small earth-moving jobs and in winter he maintains his equipment, does income tax returns for local businesses and individuals and bookwork for some independent truckers. But he's happiest when hanging on the outside of his truck's passenger door as a hired driver follows the garbage route. Clark doesn't even like being in the cab as much as on the running board. "I think I'm very lucky and I don't ever want to work for anybody else again if I can help it."

Happiness is independence to Clark



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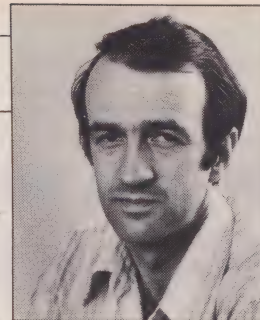
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AIR CANADA





Politics at the ebb

Even in its swelling stage political power gives off a hint of decay, an intimation that already there's a fish under the wharf that's beginning to rot. The scent gets stronger as degeneration visibly sets in. This is the case now on these shores where the various provincial governments are well into the political phase one associates with the ebb of empires.

Certain telltale types of behavior accompany this phase. The evanescent figure of a politician, limousined or on foot, zipping past a crush of microphones is one such sign — especially when it happens repeatedly for close to a year, as is the case with the harried Premier Richard Hatfield.

Less obvious but more telling in the end is the celebration of hollow victories. This is a longstanding and common practice among East Coast provincial governments at any time, it's true, but exhibits certain additional peculiarities at the decline. The voices of celebration may, for example, become strangely thin, as in: "You had to pinch yourself. 'Finally, Brian boy, you're going to bring home some of the promise that you've talked about so long and create some jobs for Newfoundlanders'." That was Premier Brian Peckford in a flush of self-congratulations over the news that Mobil Oil would build concrete production platforms for extracting oil from the Hibernia field rather than use floating platforms. Peckford fought for the enormously more expensive concrete platforms because they would be constructed in Newfoundland rather than floated in from Korea or elsewhere. The kicker, however, was that royalties to government from the oilfield would be reduced. Newfoundland, in short, would pay for the concrete platforms. How much it would pay would remain to be seen — enough, presumably, to induce the oil companies to go ahead with the project. In other words, plenty.

Or the voices of celebration may sound strangely self-swallowed, as though being shouted from the bottom of a deep, dry well. Such is the case in Nova Scotia where the news that the oil companies had signed natural gas export contracts with New England interests drew a round of cheers, followed by another round when Mobil and its partners filed their application with the National Energy Board to export natural gas from Sable Island to the United States.

These cheers were going up while the Sable Island project, which is to include

a 180-mile natural gas pipeline ashore, was becoming more questionable, with the oil rigs moving away and the economics wobbling. The notion seems to be afoot that government subsidies will be needed to develop Sable. In Nova Scotia as in Newfoundland, Mobil Oil and its partners have clearly come around to a certain attitude. They're saying to governments: we'll do anything you like, as long as you pay for it. It will take some determined make-believe for governments to turn this into political glory.

*Political
bedmanship is
the same
as carnal
knowledge —
you can't
erase it*

The hollowest victory of all in the long run, however, may well have been the most loudly proclaimed of all — last year's victory of the federal Conservatives. This was the arrival of the Tory millenium — not a Liberal left in office anywhere in the land. In the end, Brian Mulroney could do for provincial Conservatives in the Atlantic Provinces what Pierre Trudeau did for the Liberals — wipe them out. The federal Tories are now plunging in popularity in the Atlantic Provinces according to the polls. The provincial Conservatives will take the flak as the provincial Liberals did for Trudeau's unpopularity.

The premiers caught a whiff of this particular kind of mortality at their late August conference in St. John's. There, grumbling occurred at the Ottawa connection. Federal promises and good intentions with regard to transportation, regional development and job creation remained unfulfilled. Worse, the promised replacement for the defunct federal PIP grants, under which most of the drilling for oil and gas off the East Coast had taken place, was nowhere to be seen.

The "honeymoon," some said, was

over. Too late. Political bedmanship is the same as carnal knowledge — you can't erase it. A first test of the strength of the Conservative fibre will occur in the P.E.I. elections — only rumored as of this writing, but likely this fall or in the spring. Premier Jim Lee will likely hang in there, but the reduction in Conservative support will be a measure of things to come in the other provinces.

The ardent student of politicians in decline should, of course, take a westward glance. The Conservatives' first provincial test since the arrival of the Mulroney government resulted in the disintegration of a near-eternal political dynasty in Ontario.

Lest we be accused of picking on Conservatives here, let us specify that the tide is going out for provincial regimes no matter what their stripe. The case of one Rene Levesque provides one of the purest episodes of political collapse I've ever seen. Here was a man who, with utter conviction and great oratorical power, convinced half the country that Quebec would leave Confederation and that there was no point fighting it because it was virtually written in the stars. The theory of independence seemed airtight, the younger generation and most people of grit and inventiveness were behind him, and history itself seemed to be adding up in his favor. The raw political energy he could generate was simply formidable.

He departed fallow, stooped and diminished, having made a last desperate bid to cling to the premier's seat against the wishes of his own party by repudiating the independence option he had so convincingly promoted. Not an uplifting ending. There must be a law to cover this sort of thing: the larger a politician becomes, the smaller he will shrink in the end.

The Levesque example has at least a passing application to the East Coast. Brian Peckford is a fellow somewhat in the Levesque mold. He was brought to power and kept there by a certain Newfoundland nationalism similar in some ways to Quebec's. He even dabbled with the idea of Newfoundland separatism a couple of years ago, when his frustration with Ottawa was at its height and the polls showed as many as 20 percent of Newfoundlanders prepared to consider taking the plunge. Now Peckford again evokes Levesque: talking thin and fast in what sometimes sounds like a desperate search for a rationale for staying in power. The same sound is being heard in New Brunswick and will be heard elsewhere in Atlantic Canada until the tide turns. ☒

Shipyard poker: a desperate industry with a losing hand

The Halifax shipyard is one of the sickest sisters in a sick industry. Only government bailouts are keeping it, and other yards, alive

by John Soosaar

Like a poker player bluffing with a losing hand, Nova Scotia Development Minister Roland Thornhill threatened to shut down Halifax Industries Ltd. (HIL) this summer if Ottawa failed to bail out the ailing shipyard. The desperate ploy worked and a harried Harvie Andre, then supply and services minister acknowledged that Ottawa had been mousetrapped.

With one icebreaker under construction and two Coast Guard vessels undergoing refit, Andre wasn't prepared to move the hulls to another yard, compound the losses and suffer the political fallout. "I had a pretty good card," recalls Thornhill, "and I was prepared to play it." Shutting down the yard and forcing Ottawa to finish the ships elsewhere "would have cost them a heck of a lot more than the \$5 million we were negotiating for."

HIL's troubles, although more dramatic than those of most other eastern Canadian shipyards, are also symptomatic. Desperate ploys are what shipbuilding is all about these days. "Quite simply, we're going down the dump," says Henry Walsh, president of the Canadian Shipbuilding and Ship Repair Association. "Unless new orders are secured, 12 of our 20 shipbuilding member yards will be without new construction at the end of 1985 and 17 yards will have bare order books by August 1986."

As in the rest of Canada, the eight major yards on the East Coast — at Saint John, Marystown, Nfld., Georgetown, P.E.I., and at Halifax, Point Tupper, Shelburne, Pictou and Meteghan in Nova Scotia — are in various states of slow-down, semi-closure or eager anticipation for yet another government refit contract that will keep them going another few months. The Pictou yard also went through a receivership in May 1984, and even the frigate contract landed by Saint John Shipbuilding Ltd. has not caused Atlantic Canada's largest shipyard to thrive.

What's worse as far as the industry is concerned, governments are muttering about "rationalizing" shipyards. This has been done in Europe and Japan. In Britain, for example, 16 yards were closed, while five were cut to two in France.

Thornhill's poker game with the federal Tories began when HIL, losing \$5 million to \$7 million a year, was placed

in receivership in late 1984, leaving 526 unsecured creditors owed some \$5 million. The secured creditor, the province of Nova Scotia, is owed about \$30 million. Ottawa and Halifax eventually split \$28 million in cost overruns on the three contracts, thereby saving the yard and 500 jobs and preparing for new management.

Governments have been bailing out HIL since the mid-1970s when it fell on hard times after an eight-year golden age of building drilling rigs. Hawker Siddeley Canada Inc. sold to a consortium which included CN Marine, Hall Shipping and RSV of Holland. In 1981 the Dutch firm pulled out and was replaced by AMCA International which became the managing partner.

AMCA banked on business linked to offshore exploration. But it didn't materialize. In the late 1960s and early

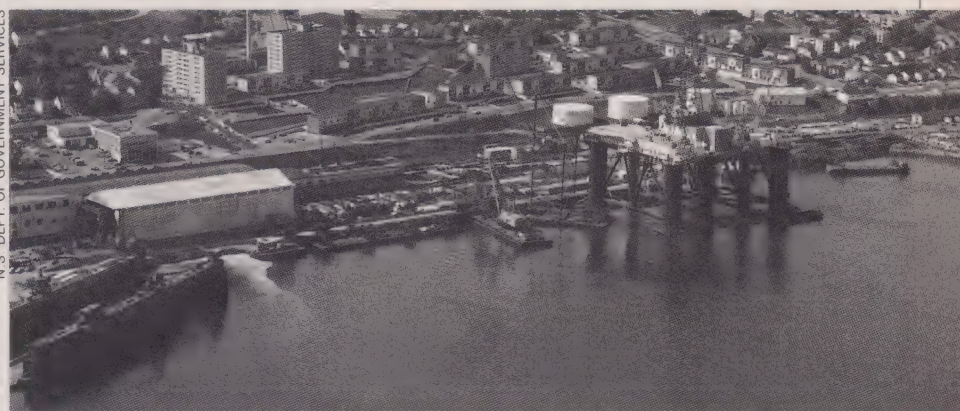
government loopholes in shipbuilding policy."

Last January the federal government and the industry jointly called for a 25 percent duty on the importation of large fishing vessels and other duties on merchant vessels plus incentive payments for buyers of Canadian ships and gear. In addition the federal Tories pledged during the 1984 election campaign to make shipbuilding "viable and prosperous." This included a specific promise by Prime Minister Brian Mulroney that \$75 million would be pumped into the industry this fiscal year and \$100 million next.

None of this has come to pass. Instead, the industry was startled last March to hear Regional Industrial Expansion Minister Sinclair Stevens talking about how fishing vessels could be bought in Germany at a fraction of the Canadian cost. Other Conservatives uttered the dreaded word "rationalization."

The Council of Maritime Unions has protested that the problem is "our inability to keep domestic demand at home," not surplus capacity. In a brief to Stevens, the group spoke of "a real danger that smaller shipyards would be sacrificed in a rationalization process." J.K. Bell fears that not only small yards but HIL itself will die if there's a regrouping of yards into only a few moneymaking ones.

But Thornhill insists that some kind



Building oil rigs at HIL in the good old days: an industry "going down the dump"

70s HIL had built drilling rigs for the world market (although not profitably, according to Hawker Siddeley). When the oil play started off Sable Island, there was a glut of rigs in the world and they came from elsewhere.

In a bid to ensure the oil companies don't ignore the yard during the offshore development stage, the Marine Workers Federation wants the provincial government to insist that the Venture gas field operators build their production platform at the yard now. "Otherwise they'll delay and in the guise of urgency buy one abroad," says Marine Workers president J.K. Bell.

But even that — like Thornhill's ploy — would be a stopgap measure under circumstances which include what Walsh calls "predatory foreign competition and

of rationalization is necessary to eliminate some needless competition caused by government bailouts. He does not feel that HIL would be one of those to close.

There is, finally, the perennial argument that the shipbuilding industry could be revived with the creation of a Canadian merchant marine — along with the requirement that at least some Canadian goods be carried in Canadian ships. Marine unions, provincial governments and opposition politicians are always arguing in favor of a merchant marine. The Tories did when they were in opposition. However, like others before, when they came to power they choked on the cost of such an enterprise. For the shipyards, that's bad news. But bad news is no novelty for the shipbuilding industry.

A scorching in the gas patch

Why did East Coast Energy Ltd. go bankrupt? Is the offshore too risky for local investors? Or was there too much politics?

by Graham D. Taylor

For several hundred Nova Scotians there was a bitter twist to the mid-July announcement that a consortium of oil companies had applied to the National Energy Board for a license to export gas from the Venture field off Sable Island. At roughly the same time they were told that East Coast Energy Ltd. (ECEL), which until February of this year had a share in Venture, was bankrupt, leaving behind \$4 million in debts and over \$7 million in now worthless securities. Among the investors left in the lurch was the former MP from Central Nova, Brian Mulroney, who was reported to have sunk \$15,000 in what was once touted as "Nova Scotia's own share in offshore development."

The news didn't come as a complete surprise. Rumors of ECEL's terminal illness had been circulating since the company posted a \$19 million loss in 1984. In May the Alberta stock exchange suspended trading in ECEL. By that time securities that were originally marketed at \$15 were listed at ten cents a share. But for many local people whose investment in East Coast Energy was their first and only plunge into the risky world of oil and gas stocks the collapse of the dream was sickeningly rapid and will probably leave permanent scars. "We should be investing in our own resources," one of the original backers commented, "but East Coast has set that idealistic approach back many years."

A full accounting of the ECEL debacle won't be available until receivers complete a review of the company's tangled affairs. Meanwhile, some of the participants are carrying out their own post-mortems. "We made a lot of mistakes," admits Halifax businessman Ralph Fiske who was president of ECEL during its headier early days in 1982-83. "There are some who imply we were in a game too big for us. That was partially true. We were inexperienced and we didn't have the bucks." Still he maintains ECEL "was a good idea."

The "good idea" was a brainchild of Gordon Crowell, a native of Truro, N.S., who now runs an oil exploration consulting firm in Calgary, and Gerald Doucet, a Halifax lawyer and former Nova Scotia cabinet minister. When prospects for offshore oil and gas development soared in the early 80s they hit on the notion of setting up a small company based entirely on local capital that would buy into the untested East Sable gas field and parlay the investment into big earnings when the field was developed in the 1990s. It would be a "long haul" venture but the federal government's Petroleum

Incentives Program (PIP), offering \$12,000 in tax rebates to offshore investors, would provide an immediate incentive to coax some risk capital out of the pockets of traditionally cautious Maritimers.

ECEL also freighted a lot of political ballast. In addition to Conservative Gerald Doucet, there was Fiske, a former cabinet minister in Gerald Regan's Liberal government, and Doucet's brother Fred who did much of the legwork peddling shares in the company around the region, including 1,000 shares to his good friend Mulroney. The Buchanan government gave ECEL its blessing.

For some observers, though, the combination of politics and business contributed to ECEL's future troubles. "They got sucked in by the Liberal government in Ottawa by the idea that the PIP thing would be a panacea," maintains Jim MacLeod, an experienced Calgary oilman who was brought in as president in 1984 when the local directors realized they were out of their depth. "A company started on PIP grants — how could anybody get hurt? And with everybody scratching everybody else's back politically, they thought nothing could go wrong."

The first big mistake came in early 1982 when ECEL expanded its horizons and bought a one per cent share in Mobil's Venture gas field from Nova Scotia Resources Ltd., the provincial Crown corporation, for \$10.5 million. At the time the deal looked good: ECEL had used some political pull to get a piece of the action in a tested gas reserve; apparently they had real assets not just the prospect of future development of the smaller East Sable field.

According to MacLeod, though, this was the wrong way to do things. "In the oil business a junior company goes into an area in the exploration phase. It doesn't buy in after exploration — that's when the megabucks are needed. ECEL should have been in at the beginning and then sold to the big investors like Mobil, not the other way around. That's how you make money." Fiske agrees: "When we went into Venture, it was just a little much for a Maritime company, a little larger bite than we were ready for."

At the time, though, the directors — like a lot of other Atlantic Canadians — were caught up in the excitement of the offshore boom. "Venture seemed so high profile that no one thought there'd be any problems to raise the funds," Crowell recalls. The company was able to arrange a \$10 million line of credit with the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce. But ECEL needed cash flow to cover the costs

of the Venture investment, including a \$2 million management fee.

The need for cash flow led to the second big misstep. The directors decided to buy an operating oil company, Petroleum Royalties Ltd. (Petroy) of Alberta which had wells in Canada, the U.S. and Australia — but also a \$15 million debt. The idea, according to Crowell, was to combine Petroy, which had cash flow, with ECEL "which had the sex appeal of Venture" and market a new share issue to cover the acquisition cost of \$15.7 million.

But the timing was bad. The takeover of Petroy in 1983 coincided with a short term collapse in the market for shares in junior energy companies, aggravated by astronomical interest rates and excess gas supplies. ECEL's brokers, MacLeod Young and Weir decided not to proceed with a new share issue, leaving East Coast with the debt-ridden Petroy as well as its own borrowings for acquiring Petroy and the Venture share.

At that point MacLeod was brought in to try to salvage the situation. "I told them, 'I'm a drilling engineer, you don't need me. You need a guy in finance,'" MacLeod recalls. Only two weeks after he became the chief executive at ECEL MacLeod learned that Petroy was being forced into bankruptcy by the Bank of Montreal. "I might have been able to save Petroy," MacLeod says, "but we just didn't have the time."

By this time ECEL had exceeded its credit line with the Commerce Bank by \$5 million, and the bank was banging at the door. In desperation MacLeod sold back the Venture share to Nova Scotia Resources for \$3.5 million less than it had paid two years earlier. At this point ECEL didn't have much choice since there were no takers at even half that price. But with Venture gone, no progress in the East Sable field and only minor investments elsewhere, the handwriting was on the wall for ECEL. When the Commerce Bank finally petitioned ECEL into bankruptcy in early July, the company still had outstanding debts of \$4 million.

ECEL's fate was the result of some bad decisions, but probably just as much it was the victim of bad luck and bad timing. The company's unhappy history in some ways symbolizes the giddy oil boom and apparent bust of the east coast offshore scene in the years since 1978. With Mobil and Petrocan closing down their Halifax offices and halving rig operations in the past few months, the bloom is off the Sable gas rose.

Only time will tell if the offshore boom is really over. But even if the Atlantic oil and gas picture brightens in the future, the East Coast Energy debacle may have revealed the limits of the offshore for investors in the region. "Whether you like it or not, the east coast is a majors game," MacLeod reflects. "They're the only ones with the bucks. The little guys, if they get in at the beginning, they can get writeoffs and may survive. But a grass roots company out of Halifax, or anywhere in the Maritimes, is going to have a tough time."

CALENDAR

NOVA SCOTIA

Oct. 5 — Solomon Gundy Supper with baked beans, homemade brown bread, rolls and pies, Blandford

Oct. 8-10 — 4th Annual Native Canadian Craft Show and Sale, a national showcase of Canadian Indian art: originals and prints; crafts: baskets, leather and beadwork; fashion design. Hotel Nova Scotian, Halifax

Oct. 11-14 — Petrocan National Soccer Tournament, Sydney

Oct. 12-14 — All Breed Championship Dog Show and Obedience Trials, Halifax

Oct. 12 — Victoria Park hosts a Bicentennial Military Inspection, Sydney

Oct. 12-19 — Atlantic Winter Fair, Halifax

Oct. 13 — Cape Breton Highlanders Birthday Parade, Sydney

Oct. 14 — Ross Farm Museum Harvest Festival, sale of farm goods and produce in a festival setting, New Ross

Oct. 17-19 — 4th Annual Dartmouth Quilt Exhibition and Fair, sponsored by the Dartmouth Auxiliary IWK Hospital for Children, Dartmouth Sportsplex

Oct. 19 — Annapolis Valley Harvest Ball, a celebration of the harvest season, Middleton

Oct. 19 — Arts and Crafts Fall Show and Sale, demonstrations and sale of crafts and original work by local craftspeople, New Germany

Oct. 23-26 — 8th Annual Autumn Antiques Showsale, Halifax Shopping Centre

Oct. 26 — Opening of Dorset '85, Canadian premiere, the 27th annual collection of original prints featuring Kan-anginak, Pudlo, Pitloosie, Kenojuak. Introducing Clara Carter, Wood Sculptures, flying birds, angels and horses, Houston North Gallery, Lunenburg

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Oct. 2-Nov. 3 — Archaeology: a Parks Canada exhibition which illustrates techniques used from research to excavation of an historic site and gives detailed accounts of seven archaeological excavations across Canada, Confederation Centre Art Gallery and Museum, Charlottetown

Oct. 9-Nov. 10 — Patricia Moore, Recent Paintings: a showing of 15 of the latest canvasses of this P.E.I. summer resident, Confederation Centre Art Gallery and Museum, Charlottetown

Oct. 10-13 — Fall Fest '85, live musical entertainment, harness racing, midway, exhibits, Provincial Exhibition Grounds, Charlottetown

Oct. 12-13 — Don Messer's Jubilee, on tour from Neptune Theatre, the Confederation Centre of the Arts, Charlottetown

Oct. 18 — Raffi in Concert, entertainment for children, Confederation Centre of the Arts, Charlottetown

Oct. 23-26 — International Allied

Youth Conference, Rodds Mill River Resort, Woodstock

Oct. 27 — A Tribute to George Frederick Handel by the music department of Confederation Centre featuring the Confederation Singers, Charlottetown

NEW BRUNSWICK

Oct. 1-27 — Dinosaurs: an exhibit of three life-size replicas of Canadian dinosaur skeletons from the Royal Ontario Museum, National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

Oct. 2-30 — Multi-media Paintings by Joanne Fitzpatrick, Aitken Bicentennial Exhibition Centre, Saint John

Oct. 5 — Moose Antlers Contest, Pointe Verte

Oct. 5-7 — Harvest Festival, Kings Landing

Oct. 6-13 — Autumn Festival, Kedgwick

Oct. 8-Dec. 31 — Inuit Art, an exhibit of prints and stone sculptures depicting the theme of "Birds", The New Brunswick Museum, Saint John

Oct. 9 - March 9, 1986 — Daughters Through Time: an exhibition of historical photographs depicting New Brunswick women, to highlight the final year of the United Nations Decade for Women. Exhibit developed by the New Brunswick Women's Directorate in co-operation with the Provincial Archives of New Brunswick, Archives Building, Fredericton

Oct. 14 — Friendship Festival, Rivière-du-Portage

Oct. 27-Nov. 3 — Maritime Winter Fair, Moncton

NEWFOUNDLAND

October — month-long, The Bank Fishery: An Illustrated History of the industry's development, the vessels involved, the curing process, and its decline in the 1950s, Provincial Archives, Colonial Building, St. John's

Oct. 2 — St. Thomas' Fall Fair: stalls featuring woollen goods, candies, fancy-work, dolls, vegetables, jewelry, flowers "attic treasures", kitchen corner. Morning coffee, luncheon, afternoon tea, evening card party, singalong, babysitting provided, St. John's

Oct. 5-6 — Lake Melville Redberry Mukushan (Innu word for "gathering"): baking contest and auction, cake decorating contest, green thumb contest, harvest festival, arts and crafts contest and sale, local entertainment, Happy Valley, Goose Bay

Oct. 12-13 — Folk Arts Fall Music Festival: traditional folk music, recitation and dance performed by both natives and settlers, Happy Valley, Goose Bay

Oct. 12-13 — Mackay's Fall Agricultural Fair: display of home preserves, handcrafted items. Fresh produce, livestock exhibit, turkey supper, Mackay's

Oct. 13-14 — Raffi in Concert, entertainment for children, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Oct. 15 — Carlos Montoya, Flamenco Guitarist, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Oct. 17-20 — Reveen, Master Illusionist, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Oct. 18 — Persons Day Wine and Cheese Party: celebration of five Canadian feminists who succeeded in having women declared legally persons and eligible for appointment to the Canadian Senate, Corner Brook

Oct. 21 — John Arpin, Pianist, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Oct. 24-27 — Long Harbour Parish Fall Fair: sale of works, card games, dance and bingo, Long Harbour Parish Hall

Oct. 24-26 — FISHOW '85: trade show related to the North Atlantic fishery, exhibitions and seminars, Gander

Oct. 25-Dec. 1 — Update: Some Montreal Painters, a collaboration of Memorial University and Concordia University Art Gallery, curated by Sandra Paikowsky

Oct. 26 — 9th Annual YMCA Oktoberfest: brass band, dance, German food, wine and beer, St. John's

Oct. 26 — Hallowe'en Dance, Port au Port

Oct. 26-Nov. 16 — Art Exhibit and Sale of works by Western Newfoundland artists, Arts and Culture Centre, Corner Brook

Oct. 31 — Newfoundland Symphony Orchestra, Prelude concert at 6:50 p.m., Marina Piccinni, flute; Symphony concert at 8 p.m., works by Haydn, Mozart and Bach conducted by Mario Duschenes, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

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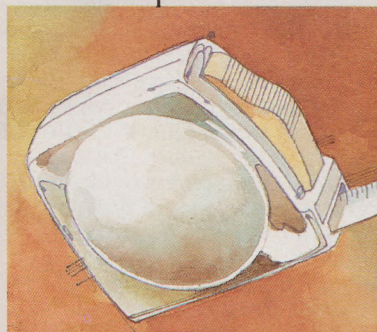
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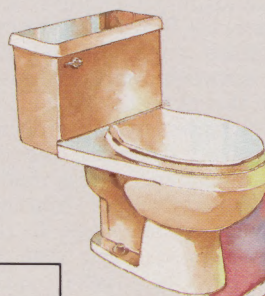
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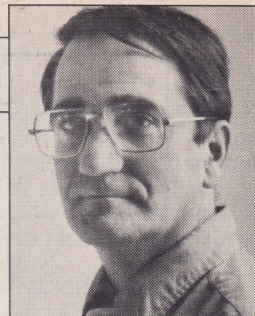


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How your shroud is stitched

Getting patted on the head when you're in a wheelchair, taking off killer trousers, getting boutiqued in Halifax... those are the little things that put you under

A fellow I know was bound to a wheelchair for a couple of long years.

He came through it well. Frustration, tedium, anxiety, entrapment... he could handle them all. But what nearly broke his spirit was people patting him on the top of the head.

"God, you're looking well!" Pat, pat. "So long. Chin up!" Pat, pat, pat.

In a wheelchair you're no taller than a standing eight-year-old. Folks must bend to shake your hand or crouch to pat your back. So in their confusion they pat you on the head.

This soon drove my friend into a cross-eyed rage and gave him a strong urge to slam his chair into overdrive and squish the patters against the wall.

It isn't the big stuff but the tiny pin-pricks that get you in the end. Major calamities and atrocities don't always land you in the cocoon bin or on the embalming table. It's those holes punched in your dike with a pinky finger which can eventually swamp you.

These petty annoyances are not so much another nail in your coffin as another stitch in your shroud. Petty they may be but some writers (à la Erma Bombeck) have recycled life's little jabs into a million dollar industry. A sock-eating washing machine is worth a month's mortgage payment to Erma.

"Not really," you say. Gaaaaaahhh! You just did it, you did it again, you always do it and I've had it and I'm going to stuff my fist down among your bronchials.

Filthiest two words in the language, this "not really." It's a smug, arrogant, sadistic put-down. You're let ramble on about a pet notion or tiny theory and then down comes the crushing "not really" jackboot.

It puts you in your proper place, Smurf Village. You're a poor deluded thing "not really" capable of venturing an opinion on grasshopper spit. Thou shalt not really spring upon and strangle a "not really" sort of person... but if you have the good fortune to catch one in a wheelchair pat him heartily on the head.

As a rule, the unspeakably vile "not really" parent produces offspring which pounce. A pouncing child is an offence against God and Nature. But having had the "not really" treatment from the cradle onward they must either pounce or

stammer.

A juvenile pouncer springs toward you at a fast toddle the minute you come in the door. It rams its head into your private affairs with an eye-boggling thump, clasps you around the legs in a death grip and slides down to your ankles... shrieking and chortling all the while.

It springs from behind the sofa and throttles you with one arm while slobbering and nattering juicily into your earhole. Its cretinous progenitor sits opposite smiling indulgently and you're expected to confirm that Little Precious is indeed increasing in stature and in favor with God and man.

Warped kiddies like that never grow out of it. They continue to pounce, especially at cocktail parties and in airport waiting rooms. Airport pouncing should be outlawed. The only possible excuse for it is if a loved one has been held hostage for six months in Halifax and savagely boutiqued.

Boutiques? The more one of these joints fancies itself the more it strives to aggravate you even as it lifts your money. If you're made to feel like a nun astray in a Parisian cathouse count on paying twice as much for everything.

Once went into a Water Street beano that had contracted a serious dose of high notions. The proprietress may have spent six months in North Sydney and picked up a nasty case of nouvelle cuisine. Her system was rustic and cutesy at once.

"You pig, you pig!" she hissed at me by way of greeting. Or so I thought. She really said, "Your peg, your peg!"

What she would have you do was go to a table and remove a numbered clothes peg from a clay flower pot, a pot which also contained rough-cut Swedish cutlery wrapped in a woolen napkin so coarse that twigs and sheeps buttons still clung to it.

You presented your numbered peg and chose from delicacies like scorched potato peelings and cheese made from Bulgarian donkey's milk. I told her where her peg might be better put. By then she was kicking the crutches from under a busload of elderly tourists from Bangor.

Shopping malls and supermarkets lacerate the nerves in many ways. A few years ago there was a universal switch to computerized cash registers. Be patient with the cashier as she wrestles with the machinery... she's not adding your bill,

she's trying to boost the bloody building into orbit.

But we speak here not of coffin nails but of shroud stitches. Shopping mall doors. There are two of them side by side and one side is always bolted shut.

Having been held to ransom overlong at the cashier's space console you bolt for the exit and straightarm the door. Always the immobile one. There's a grisly tearing of ligaments and the sickening pop of the ball and socket joint at the shoulder.

It's carefully planned that way so that you haven't the strength to lug back that record player when you discover a segment of Taiwanese coolie tangled up in the works.

Perfume stinks. We're not talking here about granny's Yardleyed bosom or Aunt Edwardian Breastwork's "Evening in Paris." We refer to the modern sinus-reamers boosted to lethal heights by musk from under the tails of despoiled civet cats.

All the sexes have taken to dousing in it. A simple elevator ride is like being mired in fresh mushroom compost. Otherwise dainty typists reek like cavepersons.

The stuff probably destroys brain cells by the millions. A gust of it up the nostrils takes you back to the childhood practice of sniffing gas tanks. The resulting queasiness, giddiness and semi-blindness are identical.

I look to the new Canadian constitution for protection. Surely it touches on assaults against the orifices. I plan to mount a landmark case against this olfactory outrage which is every bit as anti-social as Mulroney singing "Danny Boy" in public.

Getting your head caught in a municipal snow-blower isn't the only way to go. Removing your pants once too often is much slower but just as certain. Yes, they do sell killer trousers... the kind that traps the hairs on your legs in a diabolical mesh and tears them out by the roots whenever you divest.

But this death-by-a-thousand-cuts business is a personal thing. Wrestling with "childproof" aspirin bottles may be but a piffle to you. With me they're a case for heavy sedation.

"This month's load for *Insight* all finished and away," I chirped brightly to my spouse. "All about devastating trifles. Ah, yes, there's me and there's Erma Bombeck."

"Not really," she riposted cuttingly and finished me off with a sheaf of overdue mortgage payments. ☒



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THE CANADIAN SPIRIT



Glenbow Archives

There was a time when men paddled birchbark canoes down the turbulent Thompson River.

Men with a vision and a dream exploring what was to

become the greatest country in the world.

Today, the river challenges men and women in inflatable rubber rafts running the white boulder-choked water, hopping from eddy to eddy, then slipping through narrow chutes and plunging over small falls.

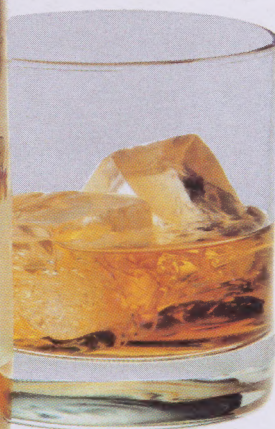
Then afterwards – enjoying the warmth of an evening fire with new friends and companions with whom they have shared the exhilarating white water experience.

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